PERIODICAL ROOM
GENERAL LIBRARY
UNIV. OF MICH.

AUG 26 1931

THE NEW
STATESMAN AND NATION

Incorporating *The Athenæum*

Vol. II. No. 25 (New Series) SATURDAY, AUGUST 15, 1931 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a newspaper.] SIXPENCE

CONTENTS

COMMENTS . . . . . *Page* 185
GERMANY GIVES US ANOTHER CHANCE . . . 188
SOME CONSEQUENCES OF THE ECONOMY REPORT. By J. M. Keynes 189
AN INDUSTRIAL DANGER. By Sir Thomas Legge 190
THE "KVUZOT" COLONIES IN PALESTINE. By Oliver Simon 190
FINGER PATTERNS. By Louis Herrman . . 191
THOUGHTS ON OUR PRESENT DISCONTENTS. By MacFlecknoe 193
CORRESPONDENCE 193
From Noel M. P. Reilly; Charles Wright; All-In; Stephen D. Usherwood; Sir Charles Grant Robertson; R. G. Alford; Archibald Ramage; Helena Normanton; Rev. Walter B. Graham; Arthur Hirst; P. W. Martin; Northcote Thomas.
OPEN AIR MUSIC. By G. W. Stonier . . . 197
THE KREMLIN. By Ivy Low . . . . *Page* 197
LANDSCAPE AND THE ARTIST. By Robert Byron 198
FREEDOM. By Jan Struther 199
PLAYS AND PICTURES. 199
BOOKS IN GENERAL. By Richard Sunne . . 200
REVIEWS:
Our Guides. By L. A. G. Strong 201
The Military Idea in Aeronautics 202
Sidney As He Wrote 202
Finding What You Seek 203
Loyola 204
The Real Homer 204
SHORTER NOTICES 205
ABOUT MOTORING 206
PLAYTIME. By Caliban 208
THE WEEK IN THE CITY 210

All MSS. and letters should be addressed to the Editor, at 10, Great Queen Street, Kingsway, London, W.C.2.

MR. MacDONALD has hurried from Scotland to confer with the Chancellor of the Exchequer and other Ministers amid a cloud of newspaper rumours and speculations. The vainest of the rumours was the story of a "Cabinet split" over the Economy Report. The *Daily Express* made a prodigious stunt of this last Wednesday—even giving us the names of the opposing sides. There is no such split. The situation, of course, is serious, and it has been aggravated by wild interpretations put upon the May Report both inside and outside this country. The Prime Minister's journey to London and the meetings that are taking place will, no doubt, dispel some of the absurd suspicions and alarms of the past week or two. The Budget will certainly be balanced. But how it will be balanced remains to be seen.

* * *

Nobody supposes that the main proposals of the May Committee can be accepted. They are neither social justice nor true economy, as we argued last week and as Mr. Keynes shows again in our columns this week. They do not touch the real problem. Merely to leave off spending money will further depress, not revive, trade. Moreover, the proposals are politically impossible not merely for a Labour Government, but for a Conservative Government. The idea of an All-Party Government forcing them through is pure Utopianism. Mr. Baldwin has already said "No" to such a combination, and Mr. MacDonald, even if he desired to say "Yes"—of which there is not the slightest evidence—obviously would not be allowed to. Consultation with the other parties is a different matter; it is not unreasonable that the Government should in the peculiar circumstances expect some measure of support from Conservatives and Liberals. But the responsibility rests with them of finding the right balance of economies, of new taxation, and of other devices for solving the problem. Some cuts in public expenditure there will presumably have to be, but they must be complemented by heavier taxes. So far as Mr. Snowden is concerned, there can be no hope or fear of a revenue tariff. But if he can pull off the big Conversion Loan that he has in mind, there will be a saving of many millions to comfort us. One day perhaps we shall have a Government with the will and the power to take still bolder steps and rid us of the incubus of the gold standard.

* * *

The opinions of the rank and file of the Labour movement may be gauged from the agendas of the Trades Union Congress and the Labour Party Conference, which will be held in the near future. Many of the resolutions call for increased expenditure in various directions, as well as for strenuous opposition to the Majority Report of the Royal Commission on Unemployment Insurance. The I.L.P. demands an

improvement in the working-class standard of life, together with far-reaching measures of socialisation—covering transport and power, the mines, iron and steel, the land, and banking and insurance. There is no direct attack on the May Report, since the resolutions were, of course, drafted before its appearance. But there is no doubt whatever about the whole-hearted hostility which it has provoked in Labour circles, and Ministers may not find it easy to persuade their supporters of the necessity of any substantial measures of economy. One thing is certain; if there are to be sacrifices, they will have to be far more fairly distributed than anyone has yet proposed. Cuts in the pay of policemen and teachers, whilst the incomes of the *rentiers* are left alone, will not be tolerated, and no serious reduction of unemployment benefit stands a chance of acceptance by either the industrial or the political wing of Labour.

* * *

The forces of disorder and revolution have received a set-back in Germany. The organisers of the Prussian plebiscite needed the support of half the electorate to overthrow the Government and were in the event three and a half millions short of the thirteen millions required. They might reasonably have hoped to do even better, since the Nazis, Nationalists and Communists failed in combination to poll as many votes as they polled separately at the last election. This does not mean that there is now less revolutionary feeling in Prussia or in Germany as a whole. There is more. The main reason for the failure of the plebiscite was that the open alliance between Nationalism and Communism was artificial. A large section of the Communists very sensibly held that to turn the Brüning Government out with the help of the Nazis would mean not a Communist, but a Fascist dictatorship. They refused to be caught in the trap, and abstained from polling. But they remain Communists, and they will not always find themselves in so awkward a tactical position. No doubt a subsidiary reason for the comparative smallness of the extremist vote was that some middle-class supporters of the Nazis shrank back at the last minute from the abyss of a threatened currency collapse. They are Nazi up to a point, but not to the point of losing their savings. They have seen the mark crash once: no adult German can calmly face the thought of a repetition of that experience. But caution is less powerful among the young who form the bulk of Hitler's supporters, and it will not long count for much anywhere in Germany, unless the mass of German opinion is offered some more solid proof that its grievances can be remedied by patience and moderation.

* * *

As the main part of the delegates to the Round Table Conference sails from Bombay the situation in India is exceedingly confused. Three representative Moslem bodies have been meeting at Allahabad and have reaffirmed the Moslem demands. Mr. Shaukat Ali, presiding over the United Provinces Conference, declared that the Moslem supporters of the National Congress had been cruelly deceived by the Gandhists. The All-India Moslem Conference passed an uncompromising resolution, which urged the delegates at the Round Table to resist responsibility in the Central Government until the minimum Moslem demands had been conceded. Mr. Gandhi meanwhile has been making last-minute appeals to the Viceroy for executive action in regard to alleged official violations of the agreement with Lord Irwin, and has striven also to gain the support of the Acting Governor of Bombay. The most pathetic incident of the year so far is a speech made by the Mahatma to the All-India Congress Committee in Bombay. He spoke as an utterly disheartened and bewildered man; said he could not free himself from responsibility for what is going on in India, and admitted that he could not understand the later developments; acknowledged that he had been unnerved and could only pray for strength, and added that events might compel him to confess that he had lost faith in himself. Having announced many times that he could not leave India while Hindus and Moslems were at strife, Mr. Gandhi finds himself, on the eve of the departure of the *Mooltan*, unable to tell whether he can risk the great venture or not. This little man's hesitation may have important consequences for hundreds of millions of people.

* * *

Mr. Scullin's Government has seemed repeatedly in the past few months to be staggering to its fall. But, somehow or other, it has pulled through each crisis; and it now seems to be a good deal more firmly in control of the situation. Its big conversion loan, opened this week, is going on successfully, in view of the very stringent safeguards offered to those who convert, and the danger of Australian default has definitely become more remote. Still, it cannot be an easy matter for the Australians to meet their payments due in London; and the unemployment problem, to which Mr. Scullin and his colleagues are turning their attention now that the financial situation is rather less desperate, is likely to prove very obstinate indeed. Fresh borrowing outside Australia for development there is out of the question at present; and the schemes for repatriation of immigrants who are out of work are impracticable and would produce very little result at very heavy expense. Australia is by no means out of the wood yet; but she has showed more capacity than seemed possible a few months ago in tackling her immediate problem. And, of course, in the long run she is sound enough.

* * *

Unemployment in the United States and the rumours of a world of hope and co-operation in Russia have rekindled the old belief that there is a happy land somewhere toward the setting sun. Amtorg, the official Soviet trading agency in the United States, has about three hundred and fifty applications a day from American workmen who wish to live in Russia. And a pro-Soviet Russian newspaper in New York has a number of further applications. Some of these, of course, are from ex-Russians desiring to return home. But many of them are from native Americans. Only a few years ago, wealthy America was feeding the famine-threatened Russians, with a disdainful wonder as to how any people could be so foolish as to condemn the benefits of capitalism. Now the wheel has come full circle, and the country with the highest

standard of living in the world finds that some of its citizens prefer to try their lot in the country which has no unemployment problem. When the American frontier finally disappeared and there was no more free land to be had for the asking, it seemed as if the age-long westward migration of the human race was ended. Now it has begun again, and this time the migration is westward across the Pacific, westward into Asia!

* * *

Meanwhile, our popular press has been merry and bright this week about the visit of a party of Russian tourists to London. This party, numbering between 300 and 400 men and women, miners, factory-workers and teachers, is sailing round from Leningrad to Odessa, *via* such ancient strongholds of capitalism as Hamburg, London, Genoa and Constantinople. The trip is a reward for good work done on the Five Years Plan. But we can hardly swallow the story of one newspaper that all these young Communists are paying for themselves! The sheep, so Fleet Street tells us, are closely shepherded. Grim agents of the G.P.U. watch them day and night, and the poor things are not allowed to talk to British bourgeois or to answer such highly interesting questions as "What do you think of St. Paul's?" A "woman representative" of the *Daily Express*, however, discovered through an interpreter that one of the Russian girls thought "our weather was the limit," and somebody from the London staff of the *Manchester Guardian* seems, despite the G.P.U., to have gone all round the town with the party and found it very jolly. Was he, or she, disguised as a true proletarian, we wonder? Or can it be that those who failed to make their contacts were having their legs pulled? Anyhow, it is all good twaddle for the silly season—as good as *Pravda's* account of Lady Astor's recent doings and sayings in Moscow. With a little more of it on both sides we shall soon have quite an *entente comique* with Red Russia.

* * *

When President Hoover appointed the Wickersham Commission to investigate crime and the defiance of law, he was satisfied that the inquiry could not have been placed in more moderate hands. This fact should be borne in mind as successive revelations are made public, for they are the work of a group of eminent American conservatives. Following upon the shocking disclosure of the treatment of child prisoners, we now have a report on the Third Degree as administered by the police over something like half the United States. It is an appalling document, a picture of organised torture which seems all the more incredible because of the habitual American boast that nothing can be hidden from public knowledge in the United States. The forms of torture are set forth in revolting detail, with those names of the cities and States that specialise in peculiar abominations. With the purpose of extorting confessions, accused or suspected persons are beaten, kicked, and choked; put into heated or frozen cells; handcuffed and sprayed with tear-gas as they hang upside-down; fixed against the wall and kept without food and drink; prodded incessantly to make sleep impossible, and so on, with endless variations of barbarity. The Commission explains that the Third Degree has arisen out of the elaborate safeguards placed by the American legal system round about a person accused of crime. Comment upon the word "safeguards" here is almost impossible.

* * *

There was a time when Lancashire used to pray for a fall in cotton prices, and when "cotton at sixpence" was regarded as the sure means to trade recovery. After this week's record drop, cotton is nearer twopence than sixpence; but there are no rejoicings in Lancashire. Indeed, everyone recognises that the slump in raw cotton prices is likely to make trade conditions worse. Copper has also touched a new low record this week; and there is little in any of the commodity markets that is of fair presage for the coming winter. A few months ago a good many people were saying confidently that the prices of raw materials and foodstuffs had at last touched bottom, despite the fact that stocks had not been worked off, and were tending to pile up still further. Nowadays, no one is so confident as even to predict where "bottom" is. Sugar and silver, in addition to cotton, copper and wheat, have been making new low records; and American demand, on which a great deal depends, is still falling. In some sphere, this week's events in Germany have availed to steady the market. But, for the staple trades, the outlook is more unpromising than ever. We look like spending more, and not less, on unemployment benefits during the next twelve months.

* * *

In these circumstances, the terrible floods in China, which are said to have made over twenty million people homeless and have certainly destroyed the crops over a wide area, are at once a scourge and an opportunity. The Federal Farm Board in the United States has been complaining bitterly that it does not know what to do with its surplus wheat. Well, it knows now. It will be monstrous if millions of people in China are allowed to starve while the rest of the world is suffering from bursting granaries and at its wits' end for a way of getting rid of its stocks. We all want wheat prices to rise; and assuredly nothing would help them to rise more than a satisfactory dispersal of the existing unsaleable accumulations. If the Americans ask why they alone should be called upon to make this sacrifice, we answer that they need not, unless they feel disposed to do so. It would richly pay the world to make a concerted arrangement for presenting the Chinese with its surplus wheat; and, if the Americans do not want to do it all themselves, we, and other countries too, ought to be ready to help them. Only, for humanity's sake, the thing ought to be done quickly.

* * *

Mr. Churchill keeps telling the B.B.C. that they ought to ask him to broadcast about India, and the B.B.C. keeps refusing him. So he has now gone direct to the head of the firm and has "formally" asked Mr. Whitley "to accord him an opportunity of stating the British side of the cause." In claiming to speak for England on the subject of India Mr. Churchill makes himself ridiculous. But Mr. Whitley did not make the best of his opportunity in replying. Mr. Churchill can scarcely be expected to agree that anything he says on the wireless just before the Round Table Conference is bound to do harm. Mr. Whitley might have confined himself to pointing out that the B.B.C. makes its own programmes and does not accept requests to speak just because the speaker himself thinks he would like to tell the world. But, really, is not the B.B.C. making a mistake in refusing? The right way of dealing with speakers as irritating and mischief-making as Mr. Churchill is to put them up against others of their own kind. Why not let Mr. Churchill broadcast, Mr. Saklatvala reply, and some sane person sum up—all on the same occasion? It would be instructive and entertaining, and it would leave Mr. Churchill with no grievance. Mr. Churchill is a person who can make a grievance go a long way and the B.B.C. has given him one—which is silly.

GERMANY GIVES US ANOTHER CHANCE

WE have been given another chance. That is the significance of the defeat of the Nationalists and Communists in the Prussian Plebiscite. Nearly ten million votes were cast against Dr. Brüning and the policy of moderation: another three and a half million would have meant—no one quite knows what, but probably the crash of the mark, revolution and civil war. British newspapers hail the result as a victory for "common sense" and "sanity." So it may be, if we use our reprieve in a sane and common-sense way. The Paris press rejoices to find that pressure can still be put upon Germany without driving her to extremes. But the extremist parties only failed by a kind of accident which is unlikely to be repeated. If the policy advocated in the *Temps*, and more violently in the *Journal de Débats* and *Ordre*, wins in Paris, the policy of extremes will also win in Berlin. Europe's reprieve is only a reprieve—a blessed few months in which we must make moderation possible or extremism certain.

We ought to be much more surprised than we are that a German revolution is again staved off. No people are so law-abiding or so patient. When the history of the last twelve years comes to be written we shall see that the central tragedy has been the failure to make use of the pacific mood of post-war Germany. For years after the war Germany was not only disarmed, but she did not want to re-arm. The Hohenzollerns, the Junkers, the whole paraphernalia of Prussian militarism, were utterly discredited, and if the Allies had made a different use of their victory, the endless chain of Franco-German hostility—war, revenge, and revenge again—would have been broken. The German universities were filled with sincere pacifists, anxious not for *revanche* but for a new kind of understanding, a new kind of Europe. Sentimentalists, if one cares to call them so, they had believed in Wilson's terms, they had accepted the League idea. It would be idle to pretend that the same spirit prevails among young men and women in Germany to-day. How could it? The astonishing thing is that it has lasted so long as it has and that it is not yet dead.

First, there were the crushing humiliations of Versailles, based on the obvious lie that the whole "war guilt" was on Germany's shoulders, the surrender of German territory, east and west, the loss of her colonies. Then followed the black troops on the Rhine—the kind of savage incident that the aggressor thinks trivial and that the humiliated nation never forgets. Then the invasion of the Ruhr, the continuous struggle over reparations and the running sore of the Polish corridor, the opposition to German entry into the League—was any opportunity missed, except during the short-lived Labour Government of 1924, to outrage German pride and evoke German nationalism, to make pacificism impossible and to recreate the spirit that awoke in Germany more than a century ago after the disaster of Jena? We are apt to forget that the German people have lived for years on end with the flash of French bayonets in their eyes.

We do not suggest that Germany herself has always behaved wisely. Indeed, the oddest of all war-myths was the belief that the Germans are in international relations clever scoundrels. From the fall of Bismarck to the ministry of Stresemann, German diplomacy has been characterised by astonishing clumsiness—a clumsiness which has lately reappeared in the failure to prepare European sentiment for the projected Customs Union with Austria. Nor do we suggest that German financial policy has always been prudent. But is an enforced debt of huge and uncertain dimensions, imposed as a first charge and believed to be unjust in origin, an incentive to careful finance?

For the tragic folly of these years France is not wholly responsible. The United States persuaded Europe to make the League Covenant. By refusing to participate farther in European affairs while yet retaining their financial hold over Europe they created a situation ultimately as impossible for themselves as for us. We do not yet know whether President Hoover's intervention is too late. Nor do we know how much farther Mr. Hoover is now prepared to go. As to the part played by Great Britain, our policy has always been divided. Viewed from any but a British angle, it appears hesitating and selfish. We have shilly-shallied. While we have seen the French case, and appreciated the reason for her fear of Germany, we have been, in our hearts, on the side of the under-dog. We have never forced ourselves to admit that if we were really intending to substitute law for anarchy in international affairs, we must accept binding obligations. We went as far as Locarno, but have always refused to define "aggression." The British public has always been assured that this country was "free," in spite of the Covenant, Locarno, and the Kellogg Pact, to choose in the last instance whether or no it would concern itself in any European conflict. Our refusal to accept the Geneva Protocol, which has always seemed to France the test of willingness to accept the implications of the League, strengthened the French case. We have no really satisfactory reply to the French argument that, having brought the Nazis and the Stahlhelm into existence and made Germany a happy-hunting ground for Communism, France will, in the not too far-distant future, be in real danger from Germany. It is not a complete answer to point out that the changed mood of Germany is largely France's own fault, that we cannot expect Germany to guarantee for ever a frontier she regards as monstrous, or expect her to remain passive and unarmed in the midst of an armed Europe. That is all true—but we must have a policy. France is there and so is Germany.

That is the political situation which must be faced and which underlies the economic catastrophe. We have patched for the moment successfully. Germany has given us another chance. If we are to avoid war we must do two things. We must openly repudiate the war-guilt lie of the Covenant. We must admit Germany to a position of equality, and we must fulfil our pledge to disarm. We must altogether refuse to support the French demand that the Versailles Treaty shall be regarded as final; we hold, and should say

that we regard, the Customs Union with Austria as a sensible proposition, if accomplished legally, and we should support any peaceful effort to improve the frontiers, however difficult the task may be. On the other side, we should throw our whole weight against any attempt to change the map of Europe by force. Unjust frontiers are a menace to peace and they should, as far as possible, be made just. But an unjust frontier is better than a war. If this position involves a tightening of our obligations, if we can make no progress towards a peaceful Europe without accepting some modified form of the Protocol (which the French are again demanding as a condition of disarmament), we should go with them so far. Whether, even so, we should be able to persuade France to a more reasonable attitude, we do not know. But there are to be elections in France, and there is reason to hope for a good swing to the left. If so, late though it is, the prospects are not hopeless. There is still a reservoir of reason and patience in Germany. We still have a shot in the locker.

SOME CONSEQUENCES OF THE ECONOMY REPORT

By J. M. Keynes.

THE Report of the Economy Committee can be considered from several points of view. It is an exceedingly valuable document because it is a challenge to us to make up our minds one way or the other on certain vital matters of policy. In particular it invites us to decide whether it is our intention to make the Deflation effective by transmitting the reduction of international prices to British salaries and wages; though if this *is* our intention, it would be absurd to pretend that the process can stop with school teachers and policemen. The Committee's Report goes too far or not far enough. But this is not the question which I wish to discuss in this article. I would like to confine myself to what has been so far, as it seems to me, a neglected aspect of the Report.

The Committee show no evidence of having given a moment's thought to the possible repercussions of their programme either on the volume of unemployment or on the receipts of taxation. They recommend a reduction of the purchasing power of British citizens partly by the reduction of incomes and partly by throwing out of work persons now employed. They give no reason for supposing that this reduction of purchasing power will be offset by increases in other directions; for their idea is that the Government should take advantage of the economies proposed, not to tax less, but to borrow less. Perhaps at the back of their heads they have some crude idea that there is a fixed Loan Fund, the whole of which is always lent, so that, if the Government borrows less, private enterprise necessarily borrows more. But they could not believe this on reflection, if they were to try to translate it into definite, concrete terms.

Their proposals do not even offer the possible advantages to our trade balance which might ensue on a reduction of industrial wages. For there is nothing in what they propose calculated to reduce the costs of production; indeed, on the contrary, they propose to increase them by raising the employers' insurance contribution.

Let us try, therefore, to write the missing paragraphs of the Report and to make some guesses as to the probable consequences of reducing purchasing power in the manner proposed.

Some part of this reduction of purchasing power may be expected to lead to a reduced buying of foreign goods, e.g., if the dole is cut down, the unemployed will have to tighten their belts and eat less imported food. To this extent the situation will be helped. Some part will be economised by saving less, e.g., if teachers' salaries are cut down, teachers will probably save less, or even draw on their past savings, to maintain the standard of life to which they have become accustomed. But for the rest British producers will find the receipts reaching them from the expenditure of consumers (policemen, school teachers, men on the dole, etc.) reduced by the balance of, say, £70,000,000. They cannot meet this loss without reducing their own expenditure or discharging some of their men, or both, i.e., they will have to follow the example of the Government, and this will again set moving the same series of consequences, and so on.

The net result would necessarily be a substantial increase in the number of unemployed drawing the dole and a decrease in the receipts of taxation as a result of the diminished incomes and profits. Indeed the immediate consequences of the Government's reducing its deficit are the exact inverse of the consequences of its financing additional capital works out of loans. One cannot predict with accuracy the exact quantitative consequences of either, but they are broadly the same. Several of the Committee's recommendations, *e.g.*, those relating to Roads, to Housing and to Afforestation, do indeed expressly imply that the whole theory underlying the principle of Public Works as a remedy for unemployment is mistaken, and they ask, in effect, for a reversal of the policies based on this principle. Yet they do not trouble to argue the case. I suppose that they are such very plain men that the advantages of not spending money seem obvious to them. They may even be so plain as to be unaware of the existence of the problem which I am now discussing. But they are flying in the face of a considerable weight of opinion. For the main opposition to the Public Works remedy is based on the practical difficulties of devising a reasonable programme, not on this principle. But a proposal to reverse measures already in force involves a denial of the principle as well as of the feasibility.

I should like, though it is rash, to make, if only for purposes of illustration, a very rough guess as to the magnitudes of the more immediate consequences of the adoption of economies of £100,000,000, carried out on the lines of the Committee's recommendations. I should expect something like the following:—

(1) An increase of 250,000 — 400,000 in the number of the unemployed;

(2) A decrease of, say, £20,000,000 in the excess of our imports over our exports;

(3) A decrease of £10,000,000 to £15,000,000 in the savings of the general public;

(4) A decrease of £20,000,000 to £30,000,000 in business profits;

(5) A decrease of £10,000,000 to £15,000,000 in the personal expenditure of business men and others, who depend on business profits, as a result of these profits being less;

(6) A decrease of £5,000,000 to £10,000,000 in the aggregate of capital construction and working capital and other investment at home entered upon by private enterprise, as a result of the lower level of business profits, after allowing for any favourable psychological effects on business "confidence" of the adoption of the Committee's recommendations;

(7) A *net* reduction in the Government deficit not exceeding £50,000,000, as a result of the Budget economies of £100,000,000 being partly offset by the diminished yield of taxation and the cost of the increased unemployment.

The actual figures I have used are, of course, guess work. But (1) + (2) + (3) + (4) — (5) — (6) = (7), where (7) is the net reduction in the Government deficit, is a necessary

truth—as necessary as 2 + 2 = 4. There is nothing rational to dispute about except the size of the various items entering into this equation. It might be held by some, for example, that there would be an *increase* under (6), instead of a decrease; and if there were a large increase of this item—which, however, could not, in my judgment, be maintained with good reason—this would make all the difference in the world to the expediency of the policy proposed.

At the present time, all Governments have large deficits. For Government borrowing of one kind or another is nature's remedy, so to speak, for preventing business losses from being, in so severe a slump as the present one, so great as to bring production altogether to a standstill. It is much better in every way that the borrowing should be for the purpose of financing capital works, if these works are any use at all, than for the purpose of paying doles (or veterans' bonuses). But, so long as the slump lasts on the present scale, this is the only effective choice which we possess, and Government borrowing for the one purpose or the other (or a diminished Sinking Fund, which has the same effect) is practically inevitable. For this is a case, fortunately perhaps, where the weakness of human nature will, we can be sure, come to the rescue of human wrong-headedness.

This is not to say that there are not other ways in which we can help ourselves. I am not concerned here with the possible advantages—for example—of a Tariff or of Devaluation or of a National Treaty for the reduction of all money incomes. I am simply analysing the results to be expected from the recommendations of the Economy Committee adopted as a means of reducing the uncovered deficit of the Budget. And I should add, to prevent misunderstanding, that I should prefer some of their recommendations—for they have done their work in detail with ability and fair-mindedness—to most kinds of additional taxation other than a tariff.

My own policy for the Budget, so long as the slump lasts, would be to suspend the Sinking Fund, to continue to borrow for the Unemployment Fund, and to impose a Revenue Tariff. To get us out of the slump we must look to quite other expedients. When the slump is over, when the demands of private enterprise for new capital have recovered to normal and employment is good and the yield of taxation is increasing, then is the time to restore the Sinking Fund and to look critically at the less productive State enterprises.

AN INDUSTRIAL DANGER

NO one would wish to see a large factory close down these days, but the issue recently of a writ of sequestration against a factory manufacturing silk by the viscose process for failure to remove the nuisance from fumes in a residential district must come as a shock to the industry. The company was defended by Mr. Norman Birkett, K.C.; Sir William Willcox and Dr. Roche Lynch were called to give evidence on its behalf, but they could not shake the simple, but adequate, evidence given by the noses on the other side.

The main noxious gas emitted was sulphuretted hydrogen gas, familiar as that given off by rotten eggs, of which one part in a million parts of air can be smelt. The admission had to be made that, after spending ten thousand pounds in an endeavour to trap and neutralise this gas, four to six parts per million constantly escaped into the atmosphere. Behind this evidence from the outside, incidental reference had to be made from time to time to the fact that the workpeople inside the factory were exposed in an early process to fumes of carbon bisulphide and, as a result of this, in the spinning room to at least twenty parts per million of sulphuretted hydrogen gas, with, as sequelæ, severe irritation of the eyes, headache and depression. The viscose process thus works in a vicious circle. To improve conditions in the spinning room millions of cubic feet of air have to be introduced by fans to reduce the concentration; the more the conditions in the spinning room are improved, the more difficult does it become to improve them for the neighbourhood.

I would stress this aspect of the workpeople, because in every factory similar to this one complaints have been loud, especially of the effect on the eyes of the small quantities of sulphuretted hydrogen liberated by the dilute sulphuric acid in the spinning room. The appearance of the front of the eye when magnified thirty times has been described as like the sky on a starlight night with hundreds and hundreds of minute fluorescent breaks in the outermost layer. Some may become confluent so as to look then like clouds. They constitute in fact an ulcerative process. Few lesions, no one needs to be reminded, cause more distress than the feeling of grit in the eye. In some factories a darkened room has been provided where those showing the first signs can be treated with fomentations.

The cause of the trouble lies in the use of carbon bisulphide in the "churn" room, where, unless elaborate local exhaust ventilation is applied, serious consequences to the workmen will arise. Fortunately, not a large number are employed in this process. There is no denying the ease with which carbon bisulphide effects its purpose from the purely manufacturing side, just as there is no denying similarly its success in the "cold cure" process in the rubber industry. But, very unpleasant as its use is in vulcanising rubber, the artificial silk industry is in a worse plight, because of the ultimate reappearance of the sulphur compound in a different though equally objectionable form in the spinning room.

The lucifer match industry has purged itself of the risk of "phossy jaw" by a chemist's invention of a substitute for the yellow phosphorus that did the harm. The pottery industry has reformed its methods, largely by "immobilising" the lead compounds used in the glaze on the lines laid down by the principal chemist in the Government laboratory. Paints on a harmless zinc base are ousting white lead paints for internal decoration. Clearly a growing industry like artificial silk should move heaven and earth to find an innocuous substitute for carbon bisulphide. The factory that has had to submit to the writ of sequestration had done far more than any other (working on the viscose process) to try and rid itself of the charge of being a nuisance. Other artificial silk factories are not likely to escape more lightly. The whole industry must concentrate on the discovery of a process which does not injure the workers in the industry or annoy the public. There is no time to lose.

T. M. LEGGE.

THE "KVUZOT" COLONIES IN PALESTINE

AN experiment of absorbing interest to sociologists is being enacted at the present time in Palestine, where thousands of young Jews and Jewesses from various parts of Europe and Arabia are living in "Kvuzot" (singular, "Kvuza") or communal workers' colonies in different parts of the country. The workers arrive with a preliminary agricultural training, any amount of enthusiasm, a knowledge of modern Hebrew and an absence of private means. They are supplied by the Zionist organisation with seeds, tools and land, the latter on a hereditary leasehold, free of interest for a certain pre-arranged period. This avoids the "private" landowner with consequent possibilities of speculation, and ensures a "free" peasantry at the outset. No individual family or settlement is leased more land than it can develop with its own unaided efforts.

On this basis, picked pioneers are evolving an existence as vital as it is enchanting. A visitor is first struck by the beauty and youth of the colonists, their hopefulness, patience and physical vigour. Nor is the mind neglected; books of all kinds are common and are, indeed, a necessity; travelling musicians attract whole neighbourhoods; one is in fact subtly aware of something unique—an intellectual peasantry.

Meals are cooked and served in the communal dining room. The economy in cooking for one huge family instead of twenty small ones is obvious, and releases the majority of women for dairy farming and other agricultural work. Each colony, however small, has a "children's house" where all the children and babies are cared for in the day time, and night time as well if the colony is young and houses not built. All the houses are built by the colonists themselves. There is but little money available and no desire for contractors; the first months are spent in tents, and the "children's house" is the first to be built.

There is an elected head for each colony, who is a "father" rather than a mayor or some such local functionary. He distributes the necessary clothes, furniture, and luxuries when available, such as books, cigarettes and sometimes a ticket for the opera or the "Habima" players at Tel Aviv. After the preliminary years when produce fetches good prices, cash distributions are made. The majority of the "Kvuzot" colonies are post-war, and therefore young.

Dairy farming has been most scientifically and successfully developed, but is still handicapped by the lack of a large enough market. This handicap promises to be overcome in time if the steady growth of towns like Jerusalem, Tel Aviv and Haifa continues. In some districts the supply of fodder during the summer months is a grave and pressing problem.

If the financial returns have been very moderate to date, the colonists' lives are nevertheless rich in many ways. Long hours are spent working in the fields, but by way of relaxation dancing is universally popular. Not jazz or any other American importation, nor the waltz surviving from our own civilisation, but the Hora. The Hora seems to be the secret spring of Jewish life in Palestine, a rich promise for a future, a vitalising force for orthodox Judaism itself. The Hora needs no money, dance hall, patent leather shoes or musical instruments. In its most common form it is a communal dance of eight to ten men and girls linked together in one long line, arms round waists or shoulders. The steps are simple, the music is in the form of song, the "dance hall" is the street. Nothing is more fascinating than the sight of these human ropes advancing and retreating, more beautiful than waves, chanting in Hebrew until in time the multicoloured pageant appears to move in ecstasy and forgetfulness of this world.

Another Hora is danced similarly in circles, while yet another is danced in couples, each partner with hands clasped around the neck of the other, whizzing round in the night; wonderful, happy, incongruous-looking couples, dark, grave Yemenite girls, blue-eyed, fair-haired men from Russia, the medley who are building modern Palestine, united in their common race and language.

No wonder the American cinema does not flourish, and appears mean and puny. The Hora is the very spirit of modern Palestine, and Tel Aviv is its capital, and to Tel Aviv the colonists flock to play. The long months of toil are spent at Nahallal, Ginegar, Ain Harod, Giveth Brenner, Dagania, etc., not mentioned in guide books, but the most joyful places to visit nevertheless. Dagania contains already a second generation who in the main are steadfast for the advantages of an agricultural and communal life.

But there is a cloud no bigger than a man's hand continually in the sky—the British Administration. The British Administration has the admittedly difficult task of keeping a political balance between Moslem Arabs, Christian Arabs, Jews and the various European Christian sects and communities. It has also the everyday routine, development and peace of the country in trust. The problem between the "Kvuzot" and the Administration is mainly psychological, and a question of personnel and character. Briefly, I submit there is an absence of sympathy, resulting in a series of hopeless and cruel misunderstandings. The majority of the English officials are admittedly not fully qualified for their tasks peculiar to Palestine. Many are survivals of the original Administration of Occupied Enemy Territory of whom the majority were trained through service in Egypt, the Sudan and India, where they ruled a "native" population. These officials have an uneasy feeling about the "Kvuzot," the more so as they are termed communist or socialist, although "Kvuza" (singular) means communal. They are aware something vital is being attempted and is indeed happening, but it is a "something" they do not understand which in itself breeds, if not dislike, a polite cynicism, an "arctic chill." It seems (to the officials) too bad that so many of the Jewish peasants speak three or four languages, are well read, know the A to Z of agriculture, and are so well endowed with good looks! It is not "Jewish" and certainly not "native!" It is this psychological clash which is the cloud, ever present day by day, more intimate and more deadening than more widely known and advertised ills of the country. The truth is England must send her best and most alert officials in the future. Many of the Jews learn English; how many officials of the present administration know Hebrew? If every official learnt Hebrew, new possibilities of co-operation and daily relationships would open, and boredom, that bugbear of so many of the Administration, would go. For first-rate men with a knowledge of Hebrew (one of the three official languages of the country!) —what an Arcadia! How invigorating it would be to understand and share intimately in the most vital social force in the country, a force far transcending Palestine's small frontiers, a force so near to England's most enlightened social thought. Furthermore, with a knowledge of Hebrew, it would be possible to read Bialek's poems, to see the "Habima" players, to attend lectures at the Hebrew University and, above all, to dance the Hora!

OLIVER SIMON.

FINGER PATTERNS

THE comparison of human fingerprints has now become a recognised and firmly established method of identification. It is a commonplace of police procedure and is so frequently one of the properties of the popular detective story that we cease to realise its spectacular quality. So characteristic are finger patterns, that if a criminal were to leave behind him on the scene of his crime his plainly written signature, it would not be a more decisive mark of his identity than the impression of the papillary ridges on the palmar surface of his fingers.

It was, in fact, as a signature and civil sign of identity that the fingerprint was used many years before its official adoption by criminal investigation departments. The difficulty of identifying the signatures of thousands of illiterate natives, many of whom were not averse to impersonating one another where there was something to be gained, led Sir William Herschell in the middle of the nineteenth century in India to adopt the finger mark as a signature to be affixed to documents for registration. Sir Francis Galton became interested in Herschell's scheme for classifying fingerprints and, with his characteristic originality and passion for precise measurement, Galton read up what literature he could find on the subject, made investigations on his own account, and in 1892 published a book in which he proposed a systematic filing of the fingerprints of prisoners with a view to their subsequent identification. Shortly afterwards, Galton's suggested plan for the official adoption of this means of identification was made the subject of a government inquiry, with the result that the scheme used to-day for classifying fingerprints

at Scotland Yard is substantially that proposed by Galton in 1895.

A cursory examination of only a few hands will reveal Galton's three main types, the whorl, the loop and the arch, the names of which are sufficient indication of their shapes. The whorl consists of concentric circles or of spirals. The loop slants to one side or other of the finger, and the arch may be high, "tented" or flattened. There are also a certain number of transition forms between these; but the three main types of pattern are widely distributed and easily discernible. Any one of these types may be on any of the ten fingers, but some fingers favour one pattern more than the other patterns. Perfect symmetry of distribution on the two hands of the same person is extremely rare and even approximate symmetry of the kind is hardly ever found. It is invariably associated with the occurrence of either loops or whorls on all the fingers. The little fingers are most often symmetrical and the forefinger and thumb least. The loop, the commonest of all patterns, if it opens downward towards the thumb side of the hand, is known as the ulnar loop and constitutes the major portion of all the patterns on all the fingers examined. Galton named the two kinds of loops ulnar and radial respectively, according to their direction, the downward slope to the thumb side, or to the little finger side. He observed that only on the index finger did the loops vary much, most of the radial loops being there. He devised the following simple symbolism—*l* for loop on any finger but the index, *r* and *u* for radial and ulnar loops on the index, and *a* and *w* for arch and whorl respectively. The index, the middle, and the ring finger of the right hand, the corresponding fingers of the left hand, then the thumb and little finger of the right hand, and lastly the corresponding fingers of the left hand, provided the order for a formula. Thus a person whose fingers showed all loops might be *ull, ull; ll, ll*, or he might be *rll, rll; ll, ll*. Of the former type he found 6 per cent. of people, and of the latter 3½ per cent. Under 2½ per cent. were *www, www; ww, ww*, and no other formula occurred as often as 2 per cent. Altogether the number of formulæ which occurred more than once in 100 cases was twelve.

This was not sufficient to distinguish with certainty one person from another, but it formed a good basis for division. Actually in some one or other of the ten fingers of any one person, the pattern contains some well-marked peculiarity sufficient to distinguish any two persons having the same formula. This in itself would produce sufficient evidence of identity, because the possible number of peculiarities is very great, and any one of them may occur on any of the ten fingers, so that its possible permutations are equal to factorial ten or 3,628,800. Hence the possible types would be the last-mentioned number times the total possible number of peculiarities. The system used by police authorities is, if anything, even more proof against the confusion of chance resemblances. The loops, whorls and arches are made up of a number of parallel ridges. At some point near the edge of the pattern these ridges diverge, forming a delta in the case of loops and whorls. The number of ridges counted in a straight line from the delta to the core of the pattern in each finger is noted. So that in addition to the description of the pattern it is possible to have a series of ten numbers, which may vary from one or two to thirty, each representing a single finger. The actual plan employed by Scotland Yard is a modification of these two principles to meet the exigencies of indexing and ready accessibility to files.

Some interesting inquiries have been made into the frequency of the different types of pattern prevailing amongst different kinds of people. Galton concluded from his observations that there was no significant difference between the fingerprints of science and art students, eminent statesmen, and idiots, though Sénet and Forgeot found great uniformity in the finger patterns of idiots. Amongst different populations there is a decided difference in the distributions of the three main types of pattern. The most uncommon of the three is the arch. A comparison of the percentages of arches in the fingers of English, Welsh, Hebrew, and Negro subjects showed the English with the highest number and the Hebrew with the lowest; the percentages of persons examined having arches were 13.9, 10.8, 7.9 and 11.3 respectively. The Hebrews showed a marked superiority in the number of whorls of the circlet-in-loop pattern. Professor Kristine Bonnevie, of Oslo University, who a few years ago compared the finger patterns of 24,518 persons, and has published a series of papers on the subject of fingerprints, gives the results of a comparison between Norwegians, French, Hungarians and Japanese. The Norwegians present the highest percentage of arches and the Japanese the lowest. The latter are superior in whorls, which constitute the pattern of 45.2 per cent. of the fingers of the 1,528 persons examined by Kore in 1913. Chinese show a still higher percentage of whorls, the Norwegians only 25.6 per cent., for which low number they compensate by an excess of loops—67 per cent. The French and the Hungarian figures lie between these extremes.

This all seems to suggest a racial character in finger patterns depending on some inherited peculiarities. That heredity plays some part in the formation of the design is not open to doubt. The advance of genetical studies leaves no reason to doubt that the papillary pattern of fingers shares with every other permanent bodily character the impress of inheritance. But no definite pattern is transmitted genetically in a direct manner as a simple factor or as a group of factors. Dr. Bonnevie finds hereditary characters, (1) in the quantitative value of the patterns, (that is, in the mean value, for all the fingers of an individual, of the ridge counts from the delta to the core of each pattern) and (2) in the circular-elliptical form, that is, the ratio of length to height of the whorl loop or arch. The tendency to double centricity found in many patterns she also considers to involve hereditary factors and is at present engaged in discovering how far these characters show definite conformity to the laws of heredity. The genetic factors are probably obscure ones, complicated by their connection with growth factors affecting the rate and manner of the branching in the embryo of the nerves and blood vessels of the fingers. "Neither the types of design nor their direction, radial or ulnar," says Dr. Bonnevie "are hereditary in themselves. They are the results of different hereditary factors and of other factors constituting intra-uterine environment."

The patterns begin to form very early in pre-natal life. They are complete at birth and do not alter materially during the whole length of a person's lifetime. It is this quality of permanence that makes them so valuable as a sign manual and mark of identity. Even injury to the skin unless it goes very deep leaves on healing the pattern intact, though sometimes with a slight distortion like that of a geological fault.

One interesting problem about the occurrence of the patterns is their frequency on the different fingers. This is supposed to have some phylogenetic significance. Over 60 per cent. of the 245,180 fingers examined by Bonnevie showed loops. The whorls were slightly over 25 per cent. and the arches about 7 per cent. The theory has been put forward that the whorl represents the primitive pre-human condition and is comparable to the ridges on the elevated pads of the digits of some of the prosimia and marsupialia. It occurs most commonly on the ring finger where it is assumed to be a survival. The arch is supposed to have been derived from the whorl, as are also the loops both ulnar and radial. The latter only occurs on less than 6 per cent. of the fingers and, in 82 per cent. of these cases, on the index finger of the right hand. It is almost absent from the little finger and thumb. This fact has been correlated with the angle at which the ridges are brought

into contact with an object grasped or touched by the fingers.

The current explanation of the peculiarities of distribution of these papillary patterns are hardly satisfactory. They involve the assumption that the patterns have been adapted to a supposed function as friction ridges. It is not unlikely indeed that the whorl, which is stated to be simian in character, is actually the primitive form and that a succession of changing forms has given rise to the various stages of loop and arch. But even the most enthusiastic natural selectionist would hardly claim "survival value" for finger patterns, and Lamarckians are posed with the difficult fact that, since the patterns endure throughout the lifetime of their owners there can be no modification to hand on to the next generation, even if such a process were possible.

LOUIS HERRMAN.

THOUGHTS ON OUR PRESENT DISCONTENTS

THOUGH the thought of the Budget must bring dismay
Though our hopes of disarmament fade away,
Though the "Congress" rage together,
'Tis hard for the man-in-the-street to think,
As he taps the glass and his spirits shrink
While he packs his bag for a holiday,
Of anything but the weather.

And he longs for a scientific State,
With a Weather Controller to regulate
The sunshine and rain and thunder;
For to one who's dreaming of piers and sands,
Alfresco lunches and out-door bands,
The queer assortment we've had of late
Seems a most colossal blunder.

Yet think of the Weather Controller's lot—
Of the rival slogans, "We want it Hot!"
And "The People won't stand Baking!"
Of the votes of censure from "Wets" and "Drys";
Of the countless thousands who'd recognise
In rain or sunshine a cunning plot
Of the Weather Controller's making.

And, under pressure, we'd get, no doubt,
Alternate patches of floods and drought,
As stunt to stunt succeeded.
Expert Committees would take their turn
To tell us the land must drown or burn;
For in public policy "right-about"
Is the one command that's heeded.

So a truce to our scientific dreams,
For "the mixture as before," it seems,
We must nerve ourselves to swallow.
Is there a moral? I'd only ask
Of those who teach us our national task,
If the law of alternative extremes
Is the safest guide to follow.

MACFLECKNOE.

Correspondence

THE ECONOMY COMMITTEE

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—Your courageous article on the Report of the Economy Committee last week deals fairly and squarely with the social justice and value of the recommendations of the majority; but can the Report be justified even on purely economic grounds?

No less an authority than Mr. J. M. Keynes diagnoses the immediate cause of the economic crisis as a lag of investment behind saving. The reason for this lag seems fairly obvious. What incentive is there to invest in new capital goods when the output of the farms and factories already existing cannot be sold? Cutting the expenditure of teachers, civil servants, policemen and the unemployed would mean that all these individuals could buy less clothes, travel less, eat less. Are the clothing and textile trades so snowed under with orders that we must reduce the demand for their products?

It seems to escape the notice of the economy lions that all dividends are paid out of sales, of which the greater part is the result of the spending of wages and salaries. Cut sales and you cut profits, particularly in these days of mass production when profit entirely depends on volume. The irony of the situation is that if the Report were adopted as it stood we should probably be further off balancing the Budget than ever, because the resulting slackness in trade would be reflected in reduced dividends and smaller incomes to tax.

From the point of view of real wealth, that is, potential production, this country is no worse than in 1929, but owing to the falling off in investment, circulation has become sluggish. Investment cannot become profitable until consumption equals productive power; this requires the very opposite policy to economy—namely, expansion, which would set the wheels of trade revolving and furnish larger incomes to tax. Contraction can drag us only deeper in the mire; it means stagnation, loss, frozen credits and a nation standing idle waiting for something to turn up.—Yours, etc.,

Toft Monks, River Mount, Walton-on-Thames.
August 10th.

NOEL M. P. REILLY.

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—You comment very severely on this Report and you do not even give its authors any thanks for having performed a distasteful public service to the best of their ability. You complain that they have made scarcely any recommendation to reduce fighting expenditure and you ignore the fact that armaments depend on policy and that all parties in the State are agreed that this country has gone as far as is possible in unilateral disarmament. You do not seem to fear that the limit of direct taxation may already have been reached (by which I mean that increased rates may produce less revenues), nor do you appear to realise that the enormous depreciation in values will almost certainly have a marked effect on the yield of the death duties.

Your own remedies are a revenue tariff and "judicious inflation," remedies which remind one of Mr. Baldwin's brand of protection, which is to possess none of the vices universally experienced where it has been tried. You are alarmed at proposals to "save oligarchy" (whatever that may mean) "from taxation," and yet the certain effect of your own remedies will be to decrease real wages. As to what you call the "miserable dole," I have discussed it with men of the Conservative, Liberal and Labour parties, and have found assent to the principle and lament at the administration universal.

For one concession thanks are due. Journalists have hitherto universally cited Tooting as the centre of imbecility. Evidently you feel, as I do, that Tooting should have a rest—and so you have located stupidity in Pall Mall and Putney, which deserve it as much, or as little, as Tooting.—Yours, etc.,

39 Worcester Road, Sutton, Surrey.

CHAS. WRIGHT.

[We do not understand our correspondent's complaint of our ingratitude. We said that we did not question the earnestness of the work of the Committee. But we cannot surely be expected to throw bouquets at the authors of recommendations which we consider utterly deplorable.

Nor do we know why Mr. Wright calls a revenue tariff "our remedy." We mentioned it as an alternative "to which we [i.e., the country] may yet be driven." We expressed no approval of it, but simply stated it as a possibility—a possibility which, with a Conservative Government in office, would become a probability.

We do not ignore the fact that armaments depend on policy. We do not admit that all parties are agreed that this country has gone as far as is possible in unilateral disarmament.

We do not think that the limit of taxation—direct or indirect—has been reached, even though there may be difficulties about increasing it.

Our reference to the dole was not a defence of any abuses connected with it. We were simply alluding to the silly belief—or pretence—that a subsistence payment to unemployed workers marks a triumph of democracy.

We have no special interest in Putney (except that it happens to alliterate better than Tooting with Pall Mall). But at the last General Election the Tory candidate polled 19,657 votes and got in by a majority of over 8,000. If the Conservative newspapers tell the truth about the attitude of their party towards unemployment insurance, there must be a great deal of wrath over the dole in Putney.—Ed., *N. S. & N.*]

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—One feels the Economy Committee can fairly be given credit for at least one sound proposal—that of the extension of the area of insurance cover to the luckier wage-earning groups. May one suggest the logic and soundness of policy in going even further?

We are all dependent upon the employed. But for them we should peter out. Should we not therefore *all* contribute directly to the Insurance Fund? Would not that be much more reasonable than the proposal to lessen unemployment allowances and thus increase misery and lessen trade? I suggest that, in addition to bringing in the worker-groups at present outside, the decent thing is for all who have an income above a certain level to be compelled to put a weekly sixpenny stamp upon a non-benefit insurance card, those having a weekly income of, say, five pounds and up, contributing a shilling.

Perhaps a healthier attitude as well as a healthier fund would grow out of some such co-ordination.—Yours, etc.,

ALL-IN.

FRANCE AND GERMANY

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—As I have been in Germany for the past six weeks, may I be allowed to comment on Colonel Osburn's letter of August 1st? He wrote of the present strain on the German people as if it were due to economic uncertainty. In my experience every German took the last crisis very calmly; I often heard it said that, if the worst happened, it would be nothing new. The strain and excitement were probably far greater abroad. As for resuming the payment of reparations, no one seems to think it worth considering. Nor does any statesman in Europe, I imagine, after the last crisis, really believe in his heart of hearts that they will ever be paid now.

I agree with Colonel Osburn that people of all classes are being driven "into either the Communist or the Fascist parties." This, however, is by no means entirely due to the impotence of the Brüning Government abroad, because many think that that is due to a laudable anxiety to use only peaceful means to obtain justice. It is due in part at least to its corrupt practices at home, of which the use of the radio and of the plebiscite are examples. Last week Dr. Brüning broadcast an admirable but undeniably political speech from the Berlin station. No member of the Opposition is allowed to go to the microphone. To-day all those persons who vote will be marked down as having anti-Government opinions, and if they are civil servants may lose their places, as many have done after previous plebiscites. (It is not necessary to vote, if one does not wish to have new elections for the Prussian Landtag.)

Perhaps no one living in Germany can help being anti-French, but can anyone believe that the French are such fools as to expect the Germans to combine with them and the Poles "as the spear-head of an attack . . . upon Russia?" It is true that the Nazis daily curse the Marxism of the present Government's home policy, but in foreign affairs there is no other single thing with which they are more discontented than the condition of things on the Polish frontier. Surely, for good or ill, Poland has become the great barrier in the way of another Russo-German war?—Yours, etc.,

Hainholzweg 11,
Göttingen, Hanover,
August 9th.

STEPHEN D. USHERWOOD.

THE MECHANISM OF TARIFF REFORM

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—Recent authoritative pronouncements have provided a lucid and convincing proof that our nation is shortly to have an entirely new mechanism for imposing Tariffs on taxpayers hungering for them.

The first stage will be an unscientific emergency Tariff, which will act as an appetising *hors d'œuvre* to the strictly scientific banquet that will follow. The menu of this scientific banquet will be prepared by a Tribunal of economic chefs, selected for their culinary skill, their impartiality and non-political mentality. This Tribunal will be a statutory one, placed like the judges and the Auditor General in a position of complete independence and beyond the interference of loot-seeking politicians and profiteers. (The recent Macmillan Report will be invaluable in the selection of the personnel of the Tribunal, because it exposes the pseudo-experts, such as Lord Bradbury, Mr. Brand and Prof. Gregory, who are clearly disqualified from impartially considering any Tariff proposals.)

The Grand Tariff Tribunal will do its best to emulate "the unrivalled traditions of our Courts of Justice," and presumably will follow the procedure of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, which hears the arguments in public and deliberates in private, so as to avoid pandering to vulgar curiosity as to whether its verdict is really unanimous. "Tariff policy is obviously the function of the Government." But as the Cabinet, for the first time in our history, will consider nothing but the interests of the nation as a whole, and as it will have before it unanimous recommendations from a Tribunal inspired by the same novel national spirit, it will obviously agree to incorporate them *en bloc* in the Budget, proposed by the Chancellor of the Exchequer for the "assent of Parliament." This assent will at once be given without a division—so that Parliament will have the three clear months (hitherto devoted to Finance Bills) set free for more controversial issues of policy. The Cabinet, the Treasury, the Board of Trade and Parliament being thus eliminated or sterilised, the Tariff will beyond question be fool-proof and knave-proof.

The salutary delay between the Emergency and the Scientific Tariffs will galvanise our moribund industrial organisation into that speculative expectancy with which, in the war, all those destined "to go over the top" awaited zero-hour. Our industrial combatants will win their war, as soon as Downing Street flashes the green signal "to go." Moreover, we are assured by the Behaviourists of the new psychology, that nothing produces so effective a versatile adaptability as unconditioned reflexes (acting on a static organism) and resulting from incalculable external stimuli. Surely, what above all we need to-day is to replace our static fatalism by such a versatile and automatic adaptability. Even more certain is that the next House of Commons will, for three-fourths at least of its members, consist of Ministerialists, with a mandate from their constituencies to accept the findings of the Tariff Tribunal, whatever they may prove to be. They will, therefore, vote unanimously and in silence. Mr. Snowden, I am informed, will not be there. His iniquitous Land-Tax will have compelled him to commit a patriotic *hara-kiri* on the doorsteps of Mr. Lloyd George. The Liberals, *magni nominis umbra*, will at last have been reduced to unanimity, for I am assured by all the experts whom I have consulted that the only Liberal who will be returned to the next Parliament will be Sir John Simon, with "an open mind" on all fiscal issues, who will remember the democratic principle of "one Simon, one vote." The remnant of the Labour Party will be led by Sir Oswald Mosley, who is already pledged to a Tariff and to the suspension of the House of Commons as an antiquated nuisance.

Clearly, the next House of Commons will "assent." But will the Tariff policy of the future be university-proof, newspaper-proof, and B.B.C.-proof, as well as fool-proof and knave-proof? I am confidentially assured that this conceivable stumbling-block has been anticipated and provided for.

Perverse professors in our universities will be given permanent leave of absence on full pay, on condition of taking a Trappist vow of silence, in order to conduct original research which they will bequeath to posterity in MS. The Tariff Tribunal will have statutory authority (analagous to that of our impartial Courts of Justice) of suppressing any refractory newspaper for "contempt of Tariff-Justice." And the B.B.C. will be induced by an additional subsidy to provide operas on Sundays, to prevent the harmony of the impartial ether from being broken by the howling of disgruntled taxpayers, dissatisfied industrialists or certifiable economic experts.—Yours, etc.,

CHARLES GRANT ROBERTSON.

Birmingham.

EAST END MODES AND MORALS

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—It is a curious combination of promiscuity and matriarchy which Dr. Harry Roberts advocates in his article "East End Modes and Morals." Why "East End"? Why omit the North and South? It cannot be that only the East has caught the light of this new dawn. I can understand that there is no need to mention the West End ("more fortune-favoured sisters") as "in cultivated circles the process has long been obvious," the process, I suppose, of having babies quietly and rearing them without marriage lines, which he has so cheerfully illustrated.

I really did not mean to write in this vein when I began, for indeed the article is rather saddening to anyone who knows something or anything of the work called—for want of a better name—"preventive and rescue work" among girls by trained and devoted workers up and down the country.

They could tell the writer, perhaps, how often the girls regard their predicament as a smiling matter; they could tell him how the fatherless children have to be helped out into the world; they could tell him how few of their cases have any resemblance to those he describes, though such cases there may be.

Whether we admire the so-called development or deplore it, I believe he rightly attributes it in large measure to the cinema. But if Mr. Agar is right in saying as he does on another page of the same number that "the cinema is not only ridiculous but obscene and trivial," we may wonder if such a tree can bring forth good fruit.

Or am I wrong in taking the article seriously in the silly season?—Yours, etc.,

21, Cheyne Walk, S.W.3. R. G. ALFORD.
August 7th.

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—This sketch by Harry Roberts is interesting and not without value. What the doctor saw was two happy, healthy young mothers, glad and unashamed to fulfil their natural functions. And in the new outlook represented by these young women a better social order was emergent. Admirable no doubt; but perhaps there is more to see than the doctor saw. There were not only two mothers; there were two babies who came into the world "fatherless,"—of one, at any rate, that is expressly stated. Child and mother are deprived from the outset of any protection and security a father may give. Unless the mother marries that deprivation will be a lifelong handicap to the child. Consider now the seventeen-year-old mother. Either she brings a child into her own mother's household, to be brought up by grandparents, or she looks after her child and is prevented from adequately earning her living. In practice there is probably some compromise; but in nearly every case the young mother's "liberty" (but surely it is a mockery of the word) is bought at a great price. She and her child are almost certainly in for more than their share of suffering. Nor is every case of unmarried motherhood so straightforward. The father of the child may himself be a married man. The easy philosophy portrayed by Harry Roberts ("If a thing seems natural I don't believe its wrong, do you?") might be twisted to justify that also. Then, as everybody knows, you are in for incredible laughs and for heartbreaks all round.

So I write this note, not in criticism, but to set against your contributor's picture of two happy, healthy young mothers another picture—no less realistic—of two children marching through life without fathers or with fathers who they may not name. "Emancipation," doubtless, will proceed, but the reformer must also concern himself with the task of safeguarding and enriching family life, and where that is inadequate giving the individual the support and inspiration of other social groupings.—Yours, etc. ARCHIBALD RAMAGE.

Gravesend, Kent.
August 8th.

THE ROUSE CASE

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—I find myself in agreement with practically every word written by your reviewer, Mr. Leonard Woolf, in his exceedingly fair and judicious comments on my edition of the above trial.

However, I should like to correct him, if I may, in his supposition that I do not appreciate the seriousness of the point whether Rouse had a fair trial or not as a result of the press comments and reports of the police court proceedings, which things were naturally detrimentally present in the minds of the jury at the Assizes.

Although I used language of studious moderation (as being appropriate to a volume the mass of whose readers would be members of the legal profession and who would read into it all that I meant) I did indeed reflect upon the matter with grave seriousness. The whole of Section VI is a long discussion upon this very point, and as it is lengthy I can only refer readers to it. Perhaps even Mr. Woolf would glance at it once more?

Opinion in the legal profession—by which I mean authoritative and highly placed opinion—is still divided upon the point whether the Crown rightly introduced the evidence of Rouse's intimate women friends at the police court proceedings. It is, therefore, impossible for me to be dogmatic upon that matter.

What I do feel was extremely unfortunate was to introduce it at that stage and then abandon it at the Assizes. That course gave the defence an almost impossible task, and the more I studied the transcript the more I admired Mr. D. L. Finnemore's courage and resourcefulness in face of such a difficulty.

It happened in this case that sufficient other evidence was producible wherewith the jury could rightly convict the accused, but, if that evidence had been scanty or unconvincing, a jury might conceivably have supplemented its deficiencies by allowing Rouse's guilty relations with women and their pecuniary consequences to influence their minds, and then the course followed and result obtained would have been most unfortunate. That this case reveals "danger of gross injustice," as Mr. Woolf puts it, I quite agree, and I hope many will study the case from that point of view.—Yours, etc.,

3 Plowden Buildings, HELENA NORMANTON.
London, E.C.4.
August 9th.

THE BISHOP OF BIRMINGHAM AND THE REAL PRESENCE

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—The Bishop of Birmingham in his controversy over doctrine with the Archbishop of Canterbury appears to confuse what are really three separate and distinct things: (1) The true doctrine as to Christ's Presence in the Eucharist. (2) The Reformers' doctrine as to the same. (3) The Prayer Book doctrine.

(1) As to the first, we have no one infallible authority in the Church of England to decide for us. Up to the first thousand years in the Universal Church very varying views were held as to the manner of Christ's Presence in the Eucharist. Transubstantiation was a much later definition.

(2) There were *three*, not one, Reformist doctrines as to the Eucharist: (*a*) the Lutheran, which did believe in a spiritual Presence in the material elements; (*b*) the Calvinist, which looked for the Presence only in the soul of the worthy communicant, but by means of the consecrated elements; (*c*) the Zwinglian, which simply regarded the Eucharist as a symbolic memorial service,

(3) The Prayer Book, beyond repudiating Transubstantiation (a later definition which Rome tried and still tries to enforce), contents itself with saying what the Universal Church of the first thousand years believed, viz.: that the Body and Blood of Christ are "given, taken and received," "by the faithful in the Lord's Supper," but "only after an heavenly or spiritual manner."

Can we not leave it there? Why should the Bishop of Birmingham find it necessary to define what, outside the obedience of the modern Roman Church, Christians have never been able all to agree upon? And why must he condemn those who differ from himself? Does he claim infallibility for himself? Surely not. But he should remember that comprehensiveness has always been a characteristic of the Church he serves. And surely he can find a better use for his great talents in his vast and important diocese.—Yours, etc.

Silkstone Vicarage, WALTER B. GRAHAM.
Barnsley.
August 7th.

THE THRILL OF NAKEDNESS

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—It is not surprising that sneers at a German movement should come from somewhere in France, and that gibes at a "purity movement" should be penned by an Englishman visiting Paris, but it is unfortunate that Mr. Gilbert cannot produce better weapons. It would appear that he visited a "nudist gen" and found no thrill, but that can only have been because he went with wrong expectations! He did not know that a "Freiluftpark" and the "Folies Bergères" are as the poles apart; he may well have "adjusted his dress" with blessings on his tailor. He makes reference to a German *malaise*, but the really-informed psychologist is quite aware that the complex so carefully observed by Professor Freud (whose work is freely criticised by those who know nothing whatever about it!) is a *malaise* of "Civilisation." This *malaise* affects, in greater or lesser degree, a full 90 per cent. of all our "civilised" peoples, and causes more misery, directly and (far more, of course) indirectly, than any other single agent. It is no creation of Freud, but is the clearly observable outcome of an attitude of fear and shame towards perfectly pure natural organs and processes. That attitude does not constitute an "amenity" in any sense of the word, and it has not been "laboriously built up," but has merely been blindly and stupidly clung to since the evil day when (as the allegorist has it) Adam and Eve offended their pure Creator by donning fig leaves.

As to Mr. Lunn, his comments are disarming in their delicate humour, but he falls into the Anglo-Saxon error of assuming that emotion and reason are incompatible! Reason may be warm as well as cold, and the warmer variety is likely to be more fruitful. The Englishman is distrustful of enthusiasms, and though he (secretly!) derives satisfaction from the fact that "Britons never shall be slaves," he is, in actual practice, a cringing menial before the mere phrase "It isn't done!" He banishes a Keats, a Shelley, or a Delius, but that is hardly to his credit. In the cause of moral purity and clean thinking I admit myself an enthusiast, I accept the impeachment, and I shall suffer the punishment quite gladly. I did not dwell upon the æsthetic side of the Nudity Movement, but it, also, moves me very deeply nevertheless, and the fact that physical culture is a feature (almost obligatory) of Freiluftparks delights me beyond measure, and it might induce Mr. Lunn to go in quest of his lamented "significant line"! But even if he regains it his chances of "amorous adventure" amongst the Nudists will be minimal, and I can only repeat what I said in my previous letter, i.e., that all thoughts of such "adventures" drop away in the healthy, pure surroundings. "Sex" is well robbed of all fictitious allure, and the sexual act is revealed as something not really attractive unless combined with Spiritual Affinity, but which, when so combined, is surely the most wonderful and sacred form of communion that Nature has given to mankind.

The Editor will permit me to mention that the title above my first letter was his, and not mine. It provides extenuating circumstance for hasty adverse criticism, though the Editor most certainly failed to realise that fact at the time.—Yours, etc.

104, Oxford Gardens, ARTHUR HIRST.
London, W.10, 9th August.

[As to the heading of this correspondence, may we remind Mr. Hirst that the last sentence of his original letter urged us "to give the thrilling news" to our readers?—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

THE ECONOMIC CONFERENCE

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—Your reviewer of my book, *The Problem of Maintaining Purchasing Power*, chides me for my scanty (and inaccurate) reference to the Genoa Economic Conference of 1922.

As regards the inaccuracy I must plead guilty, at least in part. I do not, as he alleges, make the mistake of saying that the Genoa Conference was held under the auspices of the League of Nations, but I certainly do lead anyone, who did not know otherwise, to infer as much. My point was rather that this matter of international monetary regulation was there dealt with by experts figuring on League committees, along lines followed by the League.

As for the importance of the Genoa resolution relating to "undue fluctuations in the purchasing power of gold," is it not time that we realised that, outside Great Britain, this recommendation meant very little even at the moment, and now is definitely a dead letter? The French version of the resolution speaks not of "undue fluctuations," but of "*fluctuations anormales*"—and normal fluctuations during the nineteenth century amounted at times to rather considerable changes.

In this connection it may interest your reviewer to know that when a leading member of the Commission adopting that resolution was approached in private conversation as to ways and means of stabilising the price level he flatly denied ever having been party to any such notion. Confronted with the resolution, he protested that the wording conveyed no such idea to him. Under such circumstances it is to be doubted whether this clause ever had any real international importance.

Altogether we have, I think, to be a good deal more detailed and specific in our international agreements before we can hope for concerted action to stabilise the value of gold. The Macmillan Report tacitly recognises that the Genoa resolution is now negligible and points to the only reasonable line of action—to begin all over again.—Yours, etc.,

Geneva, August 3rd. P. W. MARTIN.

THE DEFENCE OF THE RATEPAYER

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—We have in Malvern a Board of Conservators whose function it is to preserve to the utmost the amenities of the Malvern Hills. Under an Act passed in 1924 they were authorised to levy a rate of 3d. in addition to the 1d. sanctioned by earlier Acts; any increase above this had to receive the sanction of the Minister of Health. At an inquiry held under Sec. 34 of this Act of 1924 it has now been disclosed that the Act was so incompetently drafted that the Conservators are now bound by a twelvemonth old arbitration, for which the sanction of the Ministry does not appear to have been needed, to pay some £25,000 to the owner and lessees of the West of England Quarry, or in default see a mandamus granted which will enable the interested parties to seize all moneys normally coming into the Conservators' hands, including the rates on which some £30,000 have already been borrowed.

If the Ministry of Health has any responsibility for the 1924 Act, it has shown itself completely incompetent to protect the ratepayer, though, as the Inspector admitted, Sec. 34 was expressly intended for that purpose. The inquiry of July 28th was a piece of unmitigated humbug; it could not influence the course of events in the slightest degree. For all practical purposes it would have been equally useful to stage a *tableau vivant* showing the chairman of the Conservators in a triumphal car putting his foot on the neck of a prostrate figure representing the Ministry of Health.—Yours, etc.,

Grove Cottage, NORTHCOTE THOMAS.
West Malvern.

Miscellany

OPEN AIR MUSIC

I EMERGED from the Promenade of the Queen's Hall into the street. How pleasant to walk in the cool evening, to join the thin crowd of strollers, to pause by a shop window of wax figures and see the passing reflections of traffic! After the first impact of sound, and the relief of inattention, Regent Street gave one an impression almost of quietness very different from the tense stillness of the concert-hall.

Plenty of people would argue in favour of our habit of listening to August concerts in discomfort; perhaps they are right. In that more-than-August atmosphere of the Queen's Hall our nerves are taut and sensitive as to thunder; one note from a piccolo becomes a flash of lightning! There is something Spartan and triumphant in thus sweating out the length of a whole symphony, whilst the weaker ones fail and limp out into the corridor. The steadiest pipe-smokers in London seem to collect at these crowded Promenade concerts to thicken the atmosphere; so proficient are they that pipes are kept going furiously all through a movement (the observance of the rule, "not to strike

matches while the orchestra is playing," is rigidly kept). The ordeal of the Promenade concerts certainly is formidable.

There is no doubt of the *satisfaction* of these intrepid listeners who go night after night; they enjoy a mild pioneering spirit like the walkers in the General Strike, but at the same time we might go to the opposite extreme and arrange, for those who want it, a series of similar concerts in which the ease of the audience was paramount. We could have, say in one of the parks, a huge, cool concert-hall where people could lounge at tables and enjoy drinks in the intervals; and several times a week (weather would determine this) the concert could be given out of doors under the trees. Anyone who has heard a well-chosen programme of music played out of doors in these conditions will remember the marvellous sweetness of the instrumental sounds. Even a cracked gramophone can sound delightful from a distance over water. Tchaikovsky's pretty little *Nutcracker Suite* can become beautiful floating between trees through the night air. Musical purists will sniff at the idea; but pleasure can be found in an occasional mingling of art and nature. To listen always to music in a closed hall seems to me like always looking at pictures in galleries; a convenient but rather stuffy habit.

Debussy wrote more than once that he would have liked to hear all his compositions performed in the open, and he imagined the music of the future as being more closely allied with nature both in conception and performance. As a matter of fact, much of his own music would hardly gain by open performance; even a robuster piece like *Fêtes*, with its drums and dance and spouting fireworks, might sound metallic outside a concert hall. But imagine an open-air performance of Berlioz's *Requiem*, the fresh astonishment of hearing those flutes and tubas above the faintest rustling of leaves! And Mozart's *Eine kleine Nachtmusik*—how sweetly it would sound! Wagner was never more of an artist than when he composed *The Siegfried Idyll*, and the first performance of it was exquisite—a small orchestra grouped under a lady's balcony at dawn.

Debussy hoped, too, that constant open-air performances of music would destroy the over-precision of the schools. That is possible, and it might be a good thing. Jazz with its indoor electric-light setting has dismally failed to produce any body of work that can be called music. The requirements of park cafés and enclosures might perhaps do something to break the monotony of jazz rhythms and provide composers with a new conception of popular dancing and entertainment.

In a town like London, for example, which is rich in street music, it is absurd that the musical material offered by hurdy-gurdies, harmoniums, mouth-organs, bands, cockney singers, and all the rhythm of road-breakers and intersecting traffic should not be used by English dance composers, and indeed by our more serious symphonic and operatic composers. In the music of men like Vaughan Williams and Holst traditional English airs play an important part. But they are all country tunes, and a townsman like Holst shows himself again and again incapable of fusing them into his compositions. The jigs and rounds in *The Planets* are good enough in themselves, but they are incongruously set. Holst is not a great musician, and has scarcely enough of invention to make it possible for him to use fully the musical material offered by a large town like London. But Mr. Percy Grainger has used it, on a very small scale, and in a musical society which was at all interested in its street life and street music he would unquestionably be writing operas and symphonic pieces which adequately reflected this life. It is a pity that a composer so brilliant and contemporary in outlook as Mr. Constant Lambert should go for musical material to the Argentine and the Mediterranean and not to some London strand.

I remember a broadcast some weeks ago of "London Street Music," which in spite of the limitations of the studio was in parts astonishingly good. Some of the performers I had already heard in the street. There is a little man who frequents public-houses and plays dances (English, Spanish and Russian) on a common mouth-organ. He controls this instrument with marvellous speed and accuracy, and when last I saw him he was accompanying himself with a cymbal strapped to one knee. What verve and freshness! Comparing his performance with the sentimental and pretentious efforts of the mouth-organists of the big music-halls (who play on mouth-organs made of gold in all sizes from a snuff-box to an attaché case), and with the De Groot type of music which goes with the menu in every large London restaurant, one realised how unspoilt and original his performance was. And there are other ramshackle musicians in Camden Town and Aldgate as good as he.

If, then, we had a number of enclosures in the London parks where music was regularly performed out of doors and where passers-by could walk in and listen without the necessity of spoiling a fine evening by incarcerating themselves in a crowded hall, English music might expand all round. The audiences would be larger and more diverse, and something of their life would inevitably enter into the new compositions which would be given at such concerts. I have heard Schubert's *C Major Symphony* played to perfection by a full orchestra in a public garden—on the Continent. I would willingly buy a season ticket for any season of concerts to be performed in Hyde Park or Battersea Park. But I would not buy a season ticket for the Promenade concerts, and though London is full of muscular young students who do, many more would prefer the ease and air of the Parks.

G. W. STONIER.

THE KREMLIN

THE Kremlin grass is paint-box green,
Its walls the pinkest ever seen,
Its churches are like painted toys,
For little Russian girls and boys.

The river is a looking-glass
For walls and domes and painted grass,
And all day long the uplifted town
Admires its image upside-down.

That's in the summer, when the white
Sea-gulls have put the crows to flight,
And the black rooks, whose winter home
Is roof and spire and gilded dome,

Who, when the frosts of winter yield,
Follow the ploughman in the field,
Till all the worms and slugs are gone,
And there's no more to feast upon.

And when they see the first snow-fall
Then think they of the Kremlin wall,
Then turn they from the village midden,
To snacks in Moscow's gutters hidden.

And then the Kremlin looks in vain
To see its beauty mirrored plain:
Its looking-glass is blurred by frost,
Its image for a season lost.

It cannot see itself, just then,
On cold, still nights of winter, when
Domes, spires, and that embattled wall
Are snow-bound, loveliest of all.

They are so lovely, that I fear
To-morrow they will not be here,
And waking I shall not redeem
A beauty that belongs to dream.

IVY LOW.

LANDSCAPE AND THE ARTIST

ACCORDING to Pliny, the first artist of the picturesque was Ludius, who "lived in the days of Augustus and first introduced that delightful style of decorating walls with pictures of manor-houses, harbours, pleached alleys, groves, woods, hills, fishponds, water-gardens, rivers, seascapes, or whatever anyone might choose; together with figures on foot or in boats, or arriving at the manor-houses either by mule or carriage; and elsewhere fishers, fowlers, and hunters, and others busy with the vintage." Thus ancient is the manner burlesqued by Rex Whistler in the Tate Gallery. The Renascence revived the tradition. Gradually the painting of landscape for landscape's sake developed. Patinir (1475-1524) was the first to reduce the interest of his figures to nothing. Giorgione, Rubens, and Rembrandt, reserved occasional canvases to the setting without the man. And Pieter Brueghel, in his picture of the returning hounds, immortalised the fleeting menace of a winter's dusk. French and Dutch followed; Vermeer, all but meretricious, adventured into a blue tree. From Italy came Canaletto, from England, Richard Wilson, together with the intrinsically English Gainsborough and Crome, whose explorations Constable concluded. The study of scenery became fashionable, and received scientific exposition from the pen of William Gilpin, who said: "The question simply is, *what is that quality in objects, which particularly marks them as picturesque?* For Girtin and Cotman, water-colourists, this was no longer the question. They at last, without lapsing into meticulous domesticity, had begun the repudiation of Ludius—an achievement that burst upon the world with Turner. These Englishmen made plain the path of the French impressionists. Greco's views of Toledo, painted two centuries before, had never been heard of.

From this category of names it is possible to elucidate a standard of criticism. The art of painting is the expression of Reality in visual terms. A painting of landscape, whether as a background to figures or by itself, may awake response in us by its capture of those exquisite moments which we ourselves have experienced among the hills and fields and woods. Or, perhaps, the scene may be unfamiliar, and we may stand entranced by the pure beauty of its colour and composition or awed by the snatched impression of raging elements. But in such impressions, the Reality of the terrestrial scene is not necessarily the dominant motive. Landscape has a constant personality, which persists impervious to the moods of weather and seasons. Of this, the knowledge and pursuit were ignored by European artists until the end of the XVIIIth century. Then at length the intellect was brought to reinforce the emotions. And the XIXth century made its greatest contribution to art.

In discarding the superficial attitude of their predecessors in landscape for the deeper insight of the true portraitist, the impressionists effected a revolution in art and enlarged the field of that philosophic purpose which necessarily underlies all great painting. It was not merely that they set themselves to reproduce feeling rather than fact; but that, among them, the artist now began for the first time to regard the scene before him with the same respect as Titian or Rembrandt a sitter. Two artists could scarcely differ more widely in their conceptions and technique than the idealist, recessional Turner and the realistic and imminent Van Gogh. Yet in each the same purpose is apparent: to affirm, on the face of the earth, the action of a grand dramatic rhythm connecting our planet with the continuum of space and time and giving us our share in the activity of the whole universe. The houses of Cézanne are more peaceful; the streets of Utrillo more respectable; but they express, instead of the picturesqueness of man's handiwork, the identity and energy of all terrestrial matter—a quality which not all the porticoes, terraces, bridges, and spires of Canaletto ever breathed. It is for this that we honour the impressionists. A Canaletto or a Vermeer may decorate our walls. A Turner or Van Gogh does more. It leaves the walls and worries us.

* * *

This train of thought has been provoked by the copies of the recently uncovered mosaics in the Omeyyad mosque at Damascus, which have lately been on exhibition at the Victoria and Albert Museum. It has been observed that the only precursor of the impressionists in landscape was El Greco. The significance of these mosaics to the history of Western æsthetics is that they provide a yet earlier precedent. Greco carried Byzantine art to its conclusion. And the coincidence can hardly be accidental. For almost the whole body of Arab historians and geographers who mention the mosque concur in saying that the Caliph Walid I., for whom it was decorated, received the material, and some, if not all, of the workmen, from the Greek Emperor at Constantinople. It is safe to assume that fundamentally the whole series was of Greek inspiration.

The mosaics were erected between 705 and 715, only two decades before the Iconoclast Controversy broke out in Constantinople. And it is plain that the change of vision and break with the Hellenistic tradition which that event so materially assisted had already begun. The taste, training, and æsthetic purpose of the Greek artists enabled them, on being diverted by the anti-representational canon of Islam from their habitual figure-subjects, to repudiate the spiritual products of Ludius in St. George's, at Salonica, or St. Apollinare Nuovo, at Ravenna, and to proclaim themselves to a much-delayed posterity as the first landscape-realists known to Western culture. The Pompeian, Ludian element is there: temples are piled, colonnades extended. But in the trees and water, and in two particular townscapes reproduced among the copies, there is expressed an emphatic statement of the constant values of the natural scene, from which the picturesque is wholly and refreshingly absent.

The material is glass mosaic, each cube having a uniform dimension of a quarter of an inch. An extraordinary mastery has directed the placing of the cubes, accentuating both texture and form with a richness and virtuosity impossible to the mural painter, whose brushwork is necessarily of small account. The chief and most remarkable instrument of the effect, however, is the range and subtlety of the colours. There are twelve shades of green alone. A small wave, occupying an area of nine square inches, is executed in five blues, a purplish and a biscuit buff, and a whitish grey. One imagines the factory at Constantinople lined with countless bins. This scrupulous creation of detailed form in no way vitiates the general breadth. Half close the eyes; and it is evident that the solid form of rock, tree, and building, is born of large colour-fields in juxtaposition, in which, on the opening of the eyes, the subtler gradations are contained. The power of this method has never been better exemplified. But in the colours there are no mistakes. A wall whose drawing has run amuck recedes, none the less, simply by means of the progressive darkening of its tints. A blue shadow in the foreground differs from one behind as lapis from aquamarine. Among the rocks, likewise, the near shadows are black, while those beyond move from chocolate to purple. Again, the lower buildings are impelled forward by a discreet use of gold in the door-frames. The play of light on flat walls is rendered with the sensibility of the habitual flesh-painter. Thus on one tower, the roof is of pale grey-green disappearing into sea-blue; the receding wall bears a shadow of rich burnt sienna; the facing wall

ranges from two chocolates through grey and pink buff to white; while three windows attract the eye with frames of lemon yellow.

The principle of recession by colour, to us a commonplace, but here initiated by original genius, finds apotheosis in the trees, and converts their formalism into realism. The leaves move back from an opaque greenish buff, through grey-green, apple-green, lettuce-green, sharp cold blue, and emerald, into a deep unafraid black, expressing the interior shadow of the foliage; and then burst out again with sprays of misty blue on to the gold background. A similar set of greens, combined with gold and outlined with the same emphatic Cézanne-black, depict the foremost trunks. In the hinder, deeper greens and the distant blue are employed. And so the table of colours might be continued over pages. To assess their effect in panorama, the mosaics must be seen in the original and in place, above the arches of a long colonnade. But the copies have been valuable. For they have shown us what the Byzantine intellect could have accomplished in the field of landscape, had it chosen, and why El Greco, prophet of the impressionists, should have been the first painter to record the unchanging soul of a dull afternoon.

ROBERT BYRON.

FREEDOM

NOW heaven be thanked, I am out of love again!
I have been long a slave, and now am free;
I have been tortured, and am eased of pain;
I have been blind, and now my eyes can see.
I have been lost, and now the way lies plain;
I have been caged, and now I hold the key;
I have been mad, and now at last am sane;
I am wholly I, that was but a half of me.
So, a free man, my dull proud path I plod,
Who, tortured, blind, mad, caged, was once a God.

JAN STRUTHER.

PLAYS AND PICTURES

"Every Nice Girl . . ."

I HAVE only one quarrel to pick with Ian Hay and Commander King-Hall, the happy authors of *The Midshipmaid* at the Shaftesbury Theatre, and that is that they have not given Mr. Baskcomb still more to do. The piece is funny as it is—deliciously so, if you are not too jaded to laugh again at amateur theatricals in preparation and a pantomime horse which sneers and looks down its nose each time its forelegs spring to attention. But of the incomparable Baskcomb there could never be enough. His technique is that of the sidesman manqué, compact of resignation and dignity before the affronts of a world which continually proffers threepenny pieces instead of half-crowns. And, as Able Seaman Pook, whether he recites Longfellow, his eyes closed to avoid taking cognisance of back-row ribaldries, or is the martyred manipulator of improvised lighting systems for quarter-deck histrionics, he is genuinely irresistible. Mr. Baskcomb is blessed with a face which, for all its plasticity, seems unable to fall into any shape which is not comic, and he possesses shoulders of unsurpassed eloquence. On them, and on those of Mr. Victor Stanley, reposes the not very grateful task of getting the farce under way. Poised in a cradle high above the quarter-deck, they form a silent chorus to the exposition which is going on below so effectively that the usual *mauvais quart d'heure* which one expects at the beginning of this kind of play becomes one of its brightest and most endearing.

After that, of course, all is plain sailing. The authors have discovered a fine recipe for fun, and with Baskcomb to help them, there is no reason on earth why they should think about *The Midshipmaids'* successor for months to come. Mr. Basil Foster as the gallant naval commander, Miss Jane Baxter as the charming young lady, and Mr. Clive Currie as her peppery father, we have already met, and they are still as good as ever. Mr. Currie, indeed, introduces so much satirical virus into the part of Sir Percy Newbiggin, M.P., that I trembled at moments for the future of parliamentary government in England. Miss Mary Clare pretends, with absurd efficiency, to be a chaperon, and the rest of the huge cast plays up quite admirably.

"City Streets," Mamilioun, and Gary Cooper

The army of Gary Cooper fans, though never wavering in fidelity to the master, have recently been slightly unhappy about the quality of the films in which he has appeared. All the more gladly, then, will they acclaim *City Streets*, a film which has nothing bad about it save its name. The remarkable combination of Reuben Mamilioun and Gary Cooper, who is excellently supported by Silvia Sidney, has gone to the creation of a gangster thriller which is as beautiful and intellectual as it is exciting and witty. The story is as rapid as the photography is intrinsically remarkable. *City Streets* tells of how Gary Cooper, an honest circus man, joins a beer racket for love of the racketeer's daughter, and of his manifold adventures and hideous experiences before he can escape with his love and once more lead a decent life. For once we see Gary Cooper in a dinner jacket, a uniform which he can wear with as much dignity as the shaggy garments of the Wild West or the coloured livery of Africa. The set is, in theory, realistic, but every shot has been controlled by Mamilioun, a master of the theatre, who has known how to apply his theatrical training to the needs of the screen. Here are none of the happy flukes of a childish and too exuberant Hollywood. Every moment has been thought out. Each tiny property has its relevance. The wild motor race at the end is as breathlessly exciting as anything I have seen on the screen. Not infrequently, however, *City Streets* produces a more recondite pleasure; here was the skill of art, and we can sit back in our stalls and admire as from a distance the infinite ingenuity of Mamilioun, one of the five or six directors that count in the history of the screen. *City Streets* is a superb entertainment. It is a regular panic. It is perhaps just worth while noting that Reuben Mamilioun, an Armenian by birth, hung for some considerable time about London before perceiving that his services would never be required. So he packed up his bag and set sail for America, where in a short time he had the opportunity of producing *Porgy*. Had someone taken a little interest in him when he was here, he might have become the father of the British Film.

Things to see and hear in the coming week:

Monday, August 17th—
"Even She," a dramatic version by Walter Hudd and Norman Stuart of Maupassant's "Pierre et Jean," Greyhound Theatre, Croydon.
"Waltzes from Vienna," Alhambra Theatre.
Mr. Ernest Newman on "The Bayreuth Festival," B.B.C. 10.

Tuesday, August 18th—
"The Case of the Frightened Lady," by Edgar Wallace. Wyndham's Theatre.
"The God of Gods" by Carroll Aikins, Everyman Theatre.

Friday, August 21st.
Mr. Adrian Boult on "Music in Coming Programmes," B.B.C. 7.

Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

"F. ANSTEY," otherwise Thomas Anstey Guthrie, was born in 1856; his first book was published in 1882, his latest, a volume of adaptations from Molière, this year. Between those dates have appeared works of a variety, a sensibility, an adept observation, a supremely sensible kindliness and a nicely adjusted satirical invention which it would be hard to parallel among his contemporaries. Once a fervent admirer of F. Anstey exclaimed, and his ejaculation had little of excess in it, "Everyone knows his *Vice Versa*, and nobody knows anything else." There has just been published an omnibus volume, *Humour and Fantasy* (Murray, 8s. 6d.) which contains *Vice Versa, The Tinted Venus, The Fallen Idol, The Brass Bottle, Salted Almonds*, and two stories from *The Talking Horse*. Those familiar with Mr. Anstey's work will see that the selection represents, except for some of the humorous sketches in *Salted Almonds*, his essays in the fantastic, those masterly studies in the humorous occult in which he anticipated Lord Dunsany and started a fashion that has been since followed by authors as unlike as Mr. Wells, and Mr. Ford Madox Ford. No doubt the publishers were wise in keeping the volume to this side of F. Anstey's genius; but I hope that this may speedily be followed by a reprint of *The Pariah*, and by another omnibus to contain *The Giant's Robe, The Black Poodle, Lyre and Lancet, Love Among the Lions*, and *The Travelling Companions*. Of course the fantastic stories are full of social satire, especially the books that treat of middle-class life in the days of the dado, the dear age of blue china, lilies and the peacock-fan; but there are some readers who cannot tolerate the introduction of the supernatural or abnormal into fiction, and for these the best introduction to F. Anstey would be the novels and dialogues of society.

* * *

When *Vice Versa* was first published it was praised, in *The Saturday Review*, I think, as a funny book that was perfectly serious, was not a silly book. Only those who have struggled with the humorous literature of the 'seventies and 'eighties can properly appreciate the heartfelt gratitude of that reviewer. Fun had reached a level of complacent fatuity that to-day is only paralleled in some of the highest of high-brow writing. The pun is an ancient and respectable medium of humour: fifty years ago it had become a substitute for it. That, perhaps, is the general charge that one would make against most of the comic writing that was popular when F. Anstey started; it was substitute. A fair example of the side-splitting jest of the period is "Why is Mr. Gladstone a good fellow? Because he can cut down an oak-tree." Very often that kind of jest would be made easier by printing "fellow" as "fell-er." Into this world of faded properties slipped F. Anstey, fresh, wickedly noticing, with a delightful power of puncturing complacency and humbug and a strong affection not only for sense and decency, but for beauty. The vein of sentiment in *Vice Versa* is quite free from mawkishness. Dulcie in that great school-story is always a little girl, even if she is a little girl with a love-affair. Indeed, all F. Anstey's children have a most uncomfortable verisimilitude; it would have to be a very sorry grown-up who could feel unmoved by the contrast between Anstey's children and adults, could observe it, acknowledging its truth, and not wonder who is responsible for the metamorphosis of liveliness and natural freedom into stuffiness, spiritual torpor and fatty self-satisfaction. It is to the credit of the Victorians that fathers and uncles gave such a welcome to Mr. Bultitude and his son, Dick.

* * *

In his introduction to this collection, the author admits that "it would be false modesty" on his part "to assume that even in these days, *Vice Versa* is entirely forgotten, or that it may not have been read by some who belong to the present generation." Of the other five books, he says three have been long out of print, a fact which reflects poorly on our modern publishing. For there is not one of them which could fail to please and excite any reader capable of enjoying *Vice Versa*. My own favourite among them is *The Tinted Venus*, published in 1885. It concerns a London long dead and dusty—a London that had not forgotten the days of Dickens nor awakened to the days of Pett Ridge and Neil Lyons, a London of horse-cabs and 'buses, of thick, continuous fogs, of rather formal manners, and of class distinctions which have for us almost lost their meaning. It is, above all, the London of open-air gardens, the London as poor Tweddle boasts to his foreign client, as he cuts his hair, "there's the Eagle in the City Road, for one; and there's the Surrey Gardens; and there's Rosherville." It was at Rosherville that Tweddle put a ring, destined for Matilda Collum, on a statue's finger; and thereafter was pursued by the image, made to live by Idalian Aphrodite, and inhabited by her at will. The consequent confusion and dismay give F. Anstey most delightful occasion for his genius. Not only is there the constant entertainment to be derived from the contrast in conversational style between Tweddle and Venus, there are pages after pages full of fun that has behind it sound criticism and shrewd observation.

* * *

The story is magnificently "period." Who can forget Matilda's mother, the majestic Mrs. Collum, and her presence at the fatal Sunday dinner-party given by Miss Tweddle to celebrate her nephew Leander's betrothal to Matilda Collum? How stupendously she falls upon the luckless Jauncy when he speaks of "another dull Sunday"—"it is improper and irreverent to speak of a dull Sunday in that tone of complaint! Haven't we all the week to be lively in?" Mrs. Collum never forgets that she married rather above her, married a dentist, and she is reluctant to have Matilda throw herself away on a hairdresser. Yet she never allowed, not even in his lifetime, pride in her husband's profession to interfere with her religious principles. Miss Tweddle urges Leander to tell her old friend about his machine "for altering people's hands and eyes and features."

> "I don't care to be told," the lady struck in. "To my mind, it's nothing less than sheer impiety to go improving the features we've been endowed with. We ought to be content as we are, and be thankful we've been sent into the world with any features at all. Those are my opinions!"
>
> "Ah," said the politic Leander, "but some people are saved having resort to Art for improvement, and we oughtn't to blame them as are less favoured for trying to render themselves more agreeable as spectacles, ought we?"
>
> "And if everyone thought with you," added his aunt, with distinctly inferior tact, "where would your poor dear 'usband have been, Mrs. Collum, ma'am?"
>
> "My dear husband was not on the same level—he was a medical man, and, besides, though he replaced Nature in one of her departments, he had too much principle to *imitate* her. Had he been (or had I allowed him to be) less conscientious, his practice would have been largely extended; but I can truthfully declare that not a single one of his false teeth was capable of deceiving for an instant."

Some readers will no doubt prefer *The Fallen Idol*, which is, indeed, a better composition than *The Tinted Venus*: as I re-read them and *Vice Versa* I felt again the one great objection to this type of fiction. It is almost impossible in a novel which introduces the gods, to avoid anti-climax. There is always a certain flatness when the magic stone is thrown away, the goddess leaves her image for ever, the genie goes back into his bottle, the malicious idol is broken by thunder. I think the slight disappointment is not worth mentioning against the excitement and pleasure given by the device. Those who feel differently must urge on Mr. Murray the duty of reprinting F. Anstey's tales of purely natural magic, and may we not have as well that forgotten little masterpiece, *Tourmalin's Time-Cheques?*

RICHARD SUNNE.

OUR GUIDES

Guiding the Child. By ALFRED ADLER AND ASSOCIATES. Allen and Unwin. 10s. 6d.

The Will to Live. By J. H. BADLEY. George Allen and Unwin. 10s. 6d.

Personality and Will. By F. AVELING. Nisbet. 5s.

It is consoling, after reading books on education and other "Thou Shalt" addresses to our adult selves, to reflect that both child and adult have a happy tendency to survive the experiences presented to them. So many counsels of perfection, inspiring though they be, represent so many opportunities for mismanagement. Which of us, bullied by some psychologist into realising how monstrous it was to have done thus, and thus, is not left nervously wondering whether a course of conduct which seemed, at least, "all right," has not been all the time a sowing of dragons' teeth? Ourselves we may perhaps give up as a bad job; but those who teach can find no such excuse. They must either be like the deaf adder, or listen with both ears; and so concerned is the psychologist to disturb their alleged complacency that they risk contracting in its stead melancholia or the blind staggers. Yet, comforting thought, somehow, in spite of it all, the child survives.

All the same, schoolmasters and schoolmistresses (and parents) should read *Guiding the Child*, by Dr. Adler and his associates. The title is bad: *Helping the Child* would be better; *Helping the Difficult Child* better still. The book contains a general thesis of such importance that one regrets irritably the obstacles which have been put in its way. The chapters are of very unequal value; some of them are over-solemn; and the translation is in places downright bad. There is no excuse, in a book aimed at the general reader, for "autodidact," "pediatrist," "bradicardy," and the like. We are not much the wiser for this sort of thing:

> "The failures of the child will be proved to be a result of a defective preparation for certain definite situations":

nor is it altogether surprising, in the case of a difficult child who was tubercular and suffered from a cerebral lesion, to hear that "the possibility of organic deficiency cannot definitely be excluded here." Yet it will be a pity if a few elementary obstacles of this kind antagonise the very readers who can learn most from the book. Dr. Adler's thesis, as those familiar with his teaching will readily understand, is that the difficult child is in greater or less degree the victim of fear. He is failing to adjust himself to his personal or social environment. His fear is usually expressed in one of two ways; he extemporises and develops a course of conduct, in order either to excuse his own inability, fancied or real, in any given direction, or to attract to himself that degree of attention which he feels is lacking. Dr. Adler does not use the word fear, but his conclusions confirm and greatly amplify the experience of many schoolmasters. The child who in class or at home attracts attention by troublesome conduct, though he may not fear the consequences of that attention, is none the less actuated by fear. He is afraid that a younger brother is better loved; that other boys despise him; he is establishing perhaps, as buffoon, a personality which he feels will be judged insufficient in itself: he is probing, with unconscious insight, for the course of conduct which will attract the maximum amount of horrified attention from his elders. All masters should know that every difficult boy is afraid of something, and unable to deal normally with his fear. The boy for whom all was made easy at home feared to be worsted in the rough-and-tumble of school. To screen his fear he would develop a temperament, turning his weakness to positive account by winning respect from his contemporaries as one not afraid of the master. Or, getting on admirably at school, he would be troublesome at home, where he felt a less even-handed justice to prevail. Such cases, and many others, some manifesting the most extreme and distressing symptoms, Dr. Adler explains and treats. Above all things, he shows the futility of punishment, the need for obtaining the child's confidence and for removing his fear. The treatment suggested is always sane and kindly. There will be practical difficulties for the British schoolmaster and schoolmistress, who cannot always manage the individual attention which is so necessary; but the book should be read by them all. More particularly should it be rammed down the throats of those responsible for the dishonest and cowardly practice which still obtains at certain public schools—the practice of incontinently expelling the sexual offender. The sooner public opinion gets on the track of these pusillanimous bigots the better. Evasion of responsibility is not characteristic of our system, except in this one particular, which has been a blot upon it far too long.

In short, whatever one's opinion of the doctrine of "Individual Psychology" as a whole, there can be no doubt as to the value of this book. The treatment is in essence what would be meted out by any intelligent and sympathetic teacher; only it is here systematised for the benefit of the less imaginative, and the need to provide opportunities for such treatment emphasised.

The Headmaster of Bedales School tells us that his book arose from the questions put to him by a group of boys and girls in their last year at school. It is not clear whether he is handing it to them as the answer; if so, they must have a great deal of time at their disposal. It is a big book, and Mr. Badley's style is leisurely. His publishers call it "an outline of common-sense psychology, treated neither on traditional academic lines nor on those of a particular school." They are right. Mr. Badley's pupils (if his book is meant for them) will find it very readable. The quicker among them will catch him begging a question on page 18; they will detect a tendency to slip into ethics on what seems insufficient provocation; and they will find him occasionally a little summary in his conclusions. For example, he doubts whether dreams have a biological value, on the grounds that they do not protect or deepen sleep: ignoring altogether the possibility that some of them may have a biological value, by awakening the sleeper to a dangerous situation. On the other hand, the inquiring boys and girls will get a fair idea of the extent and difficulties of their subject, and a good rough-and-ready notion of what the various modern schools of thought are pursuing. (With the historical side, Mr. Badley has concerned himself little.) The great merit of the book is that it will certainly awaken their interest: so, on the whole, Mr. Badley may congratulate himself.

Dr. Aveling's contribution to the Contemporary Library of Psychology is a model of its kind. Limited by its title to the consideration of personality and will, it yet covers most of the subject matter of psychology—far more, and in far less compass,

The Grasshoppers Come

By DAVID GARNETT

2nd Impression

"The whole thing is unexpected, grim and right—a piece of perfection, rounded to a perfect close" *Observer*

"Astounding . . . . it is a story which leaves so deep an impression that one reader, at any rate, concedes as real an existence to this imaginary flight . . . . as to any of the great flights recorded in the annals of aviation" *Air and Airways*

With Woodcuts by R. A. GARNETT

5s. net.

★

CHATTO & WINDUS

than does Mr. Badley's. A book of this quality the layman can appraise on two grounds only, the clarity with which it conveys what he may know already, and the clarity with which it enables him to understand the rest. Here, then, is a concise and comprehensive survey of the most important contributions to the problems of will and personality from the earliest times to the present day, with the writer's own comment and tentative solution. Dr. Aveling is modest, but his modesty is authoritative. The chapter on "The Self or Person" he concludes (under the heading "Suggested Solution") as follows:

> "The soul is not the lute, nor the harmony of the lute; though lute and harmony are both involved in personality. It is that which constitutes the lute an instrument of harmony. Neither the body nor the soul is the person. The person or self is an organic unitary whole, the resultant of a multitude of energies, systematised by a constitutive principle which is conscious energy itself."

One slight complaint might be made of his book. He is very sparing with his commas, and there are sentences, particularly where a present participle is followed by something which at first sight may be its object, when the insertion of a comma after the participle would at once show that this is not so, and save an occasional perplexed re-reading of the sentence. Add a few commas, and you have the perfect textbook—one which should be kept as a standard for all possible successors.

L. A. G. STRONG.

THE MILITARY IDEA IN AERONAUTICS

The Air Weapon: Vol. 1, 1783–1914. By C. F. SNOWDEN GAMBLE. Oxford University Press. 12s. 6d.

Count Zeppelin. By MARGARET GOLDSMITH. Foreword by HUGO ECKENER. Cape. 7s. 6d.

Mr. Gamble proposes to devote three volumes to the history of British military aeronautics up to 1929. His first instalment shows that although aircraft are in the air for better or worse, the British military authorities did their best to delay the event. Mr. Gamble has set out upon a long and tiring journey, which will end, no doubt, in a blaze of excitement and glory. But there is no denying that, except for an oasis here and there, the country he had already travelled is desert and difficult going. The successive approximations to a great invention are of profound interest to students both of machines and of men. But if the tale is limited to those who, lacking both technical skill and common intelligence, persist in saying No to the pioneer inventor until there is hardly time even to muddle through to equality with abler efforts elsewhere, it loses much of its charm. The story of how the British military authorities handled the flying machine up to 1914 is a story of barren conservatism, parsimony, and stupidity; and Mr. Gamble, being a most painstaking historian, allows few details of its sorriness to escape the reader. It is a question whether it was worth while to record the names and distinctions of those who, serving on numberless military committees and commissions in the thirty years before the war, managed so valiantly to mark time. But there it all is, an admirably documented account of what happens when those who consider that what was good enough for their fathers is good enough for them are in a position to dictate policy. The point is mordantly illustrated by an incident which Mr. Gamble relates of 1909:

> The attitude of the British War Office towards the military employment of aeroplanes at this time is well instanced by the story of Dunne's talk with two leading members of the Army Council. He was asked how fast aeroplanes flew, and replied that they could not maintain themselves at speeds of less than forty miles an hour. The junior of these two officers declared that it would be impossible for anyone to see anything of value from a machine going at such a pace, and the senior officer, thumping the table, said: "That is exactly my opinion."

It sounds too bad to be true, and those who know only Mr. Gamble's section of pioneer aeronautics will wonder how on earth we managed only six years later to see and even do things with remarkable success while "going at such a pace." That, as Mr. Gamble sadly admits, is another story. It is the story of the private adventurer having a great deal of fun and some little glory while hurting his knuckles on the closed doors of the Army Council and the Board of Admiralty. But if the doorkeepers remained adamant, there were young and knowledgeable men inside who were fired with what was abroad. Mr. Gamble gives an inkling of what was happening when he relates how the early experimental staff of the Aircraft Factory at Farnborough, while kept on short rations of money and material by the framers of policy, managed to build and test an improved aeroplane or two while ostensibly repairing the obsolete types which represented the official idea of what an aeroplane should look like. It was because of this that, when the coming of war forced the doors open, fine work could be done at an astonishing speed.

Mr. Gamble shows that the military authorities were hardly quicker in the uptake of lighter-than-air craft. They pottered about for decade after decade, and when they finally moved it was only in the rear of an invention which, it is curious to reflect, was conceived within the most rigid military organisation in Europe. About 1860, strange ideas were brewing in the head of a reckless young German hussar, who while having a reputation for the most admired daredevilry, was much bothered because balloons always went where the wind blew. He spent thirty years of a respectable military career in deciding how to anchor gasbags within a rigid frame and direct them at a reasonable velocity through the air, without telling anyone about it except his wife. And when his Emperor retired him prematurely from the Army in 1890, he continued his career as a sturdy patriot by building the first rigid airship. Zeppelin's career is so odd, with its suggestion of a subterranean mental activity rising very late to the surface and flooding Europe with its consequences in Zeppelin's old age, that it should have a much more careful survey than Miss Goldsmith has given it. Her lively popular account, the first in English, of a man in whom technical genius of the highest order seems to have worn an unlikely guise, only whets one's appetite for more about him. Miss Goldsmith makes it sufficiently clear that the pioneer inventor, even if he be as wealthy, as influential, as true to military type, and as stubborn as Zeppelin was, is no match for the inertia of officialdom. If Zeppelin had not been a fine publicity agent, as well as the kind of character who is warmly taken to the large public heart, it is doubtful if there would have been Zeppelins in 1914. Whether or not airship transport will prove a blind alley (and Herr Eckener occupies his preface in denying this) it is tolerably certain that someone, sooner or later, would have had Zeppelin's ideas. It is strange that Zeppelin should have had them, and although Miss Goldsmith misses some of the subtler opportunities of the biographer of a complex character, she gives a good rough idea of what he was and did.

SIDNEY AS HE WROTE

Sir Philip Sidney. By MONA WILSON. Duckworth. 21s.

Astrophel and Stella. By SIR PHILIP SIDNEY. Nonesuch Press. 15s.

Although he was a statesman, a soldier and a poet, Sir Philip Sidney's reputation is unique in English history in that it rests almost entirely on his personal character—and the admiration of his friends. His character has lent colour to a whole age, an age of which he could scarcely be called representative. Queen Elizabeth was jealous of him and disliked the morality of his diplomatic dealings, and Queen Elizabeth was far more representative of her age than was her courtier.

Miss Wilson in her biography, and in the exquisite edition of *Astrophel and Stella*, is chiefly concerned with Sidney's poetry, and, apart from his reputation for chivalry, Sidney's poetry and his defence of the poetic was his most important achievement.

Sidney came at the renaissance of English literature. Already in France, Spain and Italy the poets were creating their own poetries, native and beautiful. Everywhere those responsible for the poetical revolutions were young men at Court, soldiers in many cases, not learned dons: Garcilasso, Ronsard, Du Bellay and Du Bartas, to name the leaders. In England the poets, although they had learned to love the moderns of the Continent, could not forget their Chaucer; when he sat down to write with sudden inspiration the interpretative mind ran to *Troilus and Cressida*, and the poet instead of being creative was a puzzled, half-rebellious pupil.

The correspondence Miss Wilson quotes, between Spenser and Harvey concerning the value of the second syllable of "carpenter," provides an excellent example of the difficulties of the early Elizabethan poet. Wrote Spenser:

> . . . the middle syllable being used short in speech, when it shall be read long in verse, seemeth like a lame gosling that draweth

one leg after her. . . . But is to be won with custom, and rough words must be subdued with use. For why a God's name, may not we, or else the Greeks, have the kingdom of our own language, and measure our accents by the sound, reserving the quantity to the verse?

To which Harvey replied:

You shall never have my subscription or consent (though you should charge me with the authority of five hundred Master Drants) to make your carpēnter, our carpenter, an inch longer or bigger than God and his English people have made him. Is there no other policy to pull down rhyming and set up versifying but you must needs correct *magnificat*: and against all order of law, and in despite of custom, forcibly usurp and tyrranise upon a quiet company of words that so far beyond the memory of man have so peaceably enjoyed their several privileges and liberties without any disturbance or the least controlment?

Sidney diligently made many experiments, included in the *Arcadia*, in test of hexameters, hendecasyllables, sapphics and all classical forms. They were terrible failures, and that Sidney realised, rather belatedly. *Astrophel and Stella*, of which there is an excellent analysis, is the outcome of these experiments.

Whereas Sidney did not, unfortunately, set a fashion in diplomacy, and set a standard rather than a fashion in chivalry, Miss Wilson claims that his was the poetry that made most headway towards the splendid achievement of the Elizabethan crest. She rather overstates her case. Sidney was an exceedingly fortunate man: he was born with every advantage an Elizabethan child could have, a son of the Court, all his relations and their friends were important persons whose assistance and influence he received throughout his life, he was in an excellent position to meet the leading intellects of the day, and on his death the eulogising he received provided the finest send-off a man might have on the seas of immortality. His writings provide a parallel. No poet of intelligence writing at such a time could fail to "go modern," and Sidney in effect owes more to Shakespeare than Shakespeare owes to Sidney. The mere fact that Dr. Johnson chose to fix Sidney's works as a verbal boundary for his dictionary was not a compliment.

Except that she is inclined to overpraise, a welcome fault in this day of biographical denigration, Miss Wilson has written a brilliant biography. Her portrait pays just the right amount of deference to its background: it is crisp, accurate, and has a distinct beauty. Ninety-nine out of a hundred of the great army of biographers could learn points from Miss Wilson: one, purely technical, being that she pays all her dues in her preface and reduces to a minimum infuriating references and footnotes.

FINDING WHAT YOU SEEK

The American Illusion. By LUCIEN LEHMAN. Appleton. 7s. 6d.

The States Through Irish Eyes. By E. Œ. SOMERVILLE. Heinemann. 8s. 6d.

A wise priest once gave this excellent advice to married people: "When you disagree, never use the word '*always*'!" Most people are willing to agree that they are sometimes wrong, but everyone knows that he is never *always* guilty of any particular fault and, if a man is accused of always stealing the matches his sense of injustice is aroused and he loses any chance of profiting by the proffered criticism. It would have been well for M. Lehman if he had heard this wise saying and taken it to heart before he began to write *The American Illusion*. His book is full of sweeping generalisations which suggest, if they do not actually use, the word "always," and rouse the sense of justice in severe and even prejudiced critics of the United States. He also reminds us of the old proverb of the pot and kettle, when he complains that America is guilty of that self-regarding patriotism which is only conscious of its own problems and its own wrongs and expects all the world to see these problems and wrongs through its eyes. All nations are, of course, guilty of this type of patriotism, yet one is tempted to feel that it is a fault to which the French are peculiarly liable.

When M. Lehman is not generalising he gives us an array of facts of the sort more usually sought for in text-books or geographies. His statistics on the European debt, prohibition, and many other matters are interesting, not to say startling, but he should tell us the source from which they are drawn. M. Lehman is a good example of the usual French inability to live happily outside France; before ever he arrived in America he seems to have "taken off his skin and sat in his nerves." His protest against the immodesty of American women is not unjust; but he fails to realise that this lack of modesty springs, not as he suggests, from a specific peculiarity inherent in the American temperament, but from a deeper and more general cause. Had M. Lehman gone to the United States twenty years ago he would not have thought that immodesty was characteristic of American women. Yet the cause was as active then as now. For Americans, a people with no long-established traditions, haunted by fears left over from their pioneer days and from their consciousness of having too many and too varied types of nationals to assimilate, have a great desire for a standard and to make everyone conform to it. Now there are only two safe sources of standards, religion and good traditions. But Americans have made the serious error of allowing fashion to supply their standards, which will, therefore, be sometimes good and sometimes bad, but always cowardly, as the following of fashion must be. Twenty years ago it was the fashion to be modest; to-day immodesty is all the rage. It seems a little odd, in view of his stand for reticence, that the one American institution which M. Lehman whole-heartedly praises is the Press.

There could hardly be a greater contrast to M. Lehman's ill-tempered, bird's-eye view of the whole United States, its people, customs and institutions than Miss Somerville's good-humoured and humorous account of her visits to that small section of the Eastern States which goes in for horses, hounds and hunting. Her tone reminds one of Mr. Chesterton's wise dictum that "geniality is strength to spare." Miss Somerville must have plenty of both, since she can criticise with such amiability that American habit which stands more in the way of enjoyable intercourse than any other minor fault.

In our experience American agreeability needs no spur. At one of the gayest and most brilliant of our entertainments iced water "set the table on a roar" with such success that—as can happen at an equally matched tug-of-war—deadlock ensued, and what can only be called a deafening silence was the result. I have seen, I cannot say heard, London bus-conductors carry on, amidst the thunder of traffic, a conversation that was quite inaudible to the uninitiated. Thus, I suppose, the screams of our fellow-guests, all being agreeable at the full stretch of their lungs, were mutually apprehended, while I, unable to intercept so much as a word, could only respond with ineffectual and, I am sure, perfectly irrelevant

Important Publications for the ECONOMIST

Report of the Committee appointed by H.M. Treasury on Finance and Industry. ("Macmillan Report.") (Cmd. 3897.) **5s. (5s. 5d.)**

"The Committee's masterly and comprehensive analysis of the world's financial and monetary problems should do much to place the whole question in its right perspective."—CHAMBER OF COMMERCE JOURNAL.

Report of the Committee on National Expenditure. (Cmd. 3920.) **4s. (4s. 4d.)**

This Report is of vital interest. It furnishes a comprehensive review of the present scope of national expenditure and makes far-reaching recommendations for retrenchment.

Census of England and Wales, 1931. Preliminary Report. **4s. (4s. 3d.)**

Census of Scotland, 1931. Preliminary Report. **3s. (3s. 2d.)**

Guide to Current Official Statistics, Volume IX. 1930. 1s. (1s. 5d.)

This work appears annually, and is an expert survey of, and guide to, all the statistics published by the Government. It consists mainly of an alphabetical index indicating the current statistics available on any given subject, together with their nature and mode of analysis and the time and place to which they relate.

Report of the Royal Commission on Labour in India. Delhi, March 14, 1931. (Cmd. 3883.) **4s. 6d. (5s. 3d.)**

Final Report of the Committee on Education for Salesmanship, July, 1931. 1s. 6d. (1s. 9d.)

Prices are net. Those in brackets include postage.

H.M. STATIONERY OFFICE

LONDON: Adastral House, Kingsway, W.C.2.

Edinburgh: 120, George St. Cardiff: 1, St. Andrew's Crescent
Manchester: York St. Belfast: 15, Donegall Square West

Or through any Bookseller.

yells. But it is a fault—if indeed a fault it be—on the right side. It is only the defect of its qualities; to the ear of the hostess the yells are music.

Of course, there are bound to be slips—Miss Somerville's hosts who belong to the F.F.V. will shudder at hearing her call their great State a "county," and we cannot agree that the real negro spiritual ever deserves the adjectives "rough" or "shrill." And humour has been allowed to go almost too far when one of the most impressive, most melancholy and most Poe-like of natural spectacles, a forest of live-oaks hung with "Spanish moss," "suggests nothing so much as the long whiskers of Victorian gentlemen of fashion."

It is grievous that Miss Somerville should have missed what is perhaps the strangest and most exciting form of sport in the United States, fox-hunting by moonlight in the mountains of North Carolina. She does, indeed, refer to a form of it, and speaks of farmers gathered round a camp-fire on a mountain-top, gossiping and drinking "moonshine" whiskey and listening to the hounds hunting below them. Some twenty-five years ago the young Southern gentlemen whose riding life had begun at the age of four used to follow the hounds in more orthodox fashion on moonlit nights. We know one girl who had for many years a "brush," souvenir of one such hunt, until imperfect mounting let it fall a victim to moth and dust.

When Miss Somerville left Ireland she was given the charming old Irish valediction "That your journey may thrive with you!" Her book should thrive with any reader, English, Irish or American.

LOYOLA

Saint Ignatius. By CHRISTOPHER HOLLIS. Sheed and Ward. 7s. 6d.

Biographies of St. Ignatius Loyola are legion. As long ago as 1864 Father Carayon enumerated more than a hundred and twenty in his *Bibliographie Historique de la Compagnie de Jesus*, and many have been written since. In justification for adding yet one more to the many existing lives, Mr. Christopher Hollis has set himself the formidable task of accounting, psychologically, for St. Ignatius's actions and for the great influence he exerted over others. Mr. Hollis's aim, in short, is to make the character and motives of this extraordinary man intelligible to the present generation. It is an aim exceedingly difficult to accomplish, for the spirit of Ignatius Loyola is the very antithesis of that which animates the modern world.

Mr. Hollis brings a keen and sincere mind to bear upon the problem in hand, but like many other religious writers he is hampered by an evident lack of sympathy with the world of to-day. For the reformer, disapproval of his environment is a necessary incentive to action. To the interpretative historian, on the other hand, it is a disadvantage. Mr. Hollis has an instinctive antipathy for the scientific contemporary approach to things—an antipathy, moreover, which he is at pains to combat, with the result that his attitude is at times markedly inconsistent. For example, he seems prepared to meet the contemporary mind on its own ground when he announces, on page 2, that his interest is in a psychological rather than a historical problem. But by page 74 he has reached the conclusion that "No attitude towards life is more horrible than that of the psychologist, who combines intense Puritanism with intense prurience," etc. In many instances Mr. Hollis succeeds in making clearer the motives that prompted Loyola to act in a manner not readily comprehensible to the twentieth century public. He throws little light, however, upon the important problem of his seemingly contradictory attitude towards authority. He makes no attempt, for example, to reconcile or even to relate the injunction: "Preserve always your liberty of mind, see that you lose it not by anyone's authority nor by any event whatsoever," which comes at the beginning of the *Spiritual Exercises*, and the Eleven Maxims on Obedience which he left to the Society at his death. In these St. Ignatius condemns liberty of mind as uncompromisingly as he formerly upheld it. "I ought," he said, "to desire to be ruled by a Superior who endeavours to subjugate my judgment and subdue my understanding"; and again: "I ought to be like a corpse, which has neither will nor understanding; or like a little crucifix which is turned about at the will of him who holds it; or like a staff in the hands of an old man who uses it as it may assist or please him."

But if Mr. Hollis has left undone a part of the special task he set himself he has drawn a portrait, admirable in most respects, of the man whose dauntless courage, complete mastery of self, transcendent statesmanship, and burning devotion were the chief forces in the Counter-Reformation.

The toilet of the teeth!

Not for luxury alone nor for prudence, but as an act of cleanliness, dainty women make the toilet of the mouth a nightly pleasure, never foregone. Men of wholesome habits are no less punctilious. For both, the last waking act is to brush the teeth with

Euthymol TOOTH PASTE

Kills dental decay germs in 30 seconds.

Its grateful flavour fills the mouth, its fragrant foam purifies all that it touches. And the morning after rewards this toilet of the night before. Sweet breath, and an appetite for breakfast demand a well-kept mouth.

Price 1/3 of all Chemists.

PROVE IT IN A WEEK FREE!

To Euthymol (Dept. 82.F2.), 50, Beak St., London, W.1.
Please send me a free sample of Euthymol.
Name .....
Address .....
Please use block letters.

THE REAL HOMER

Did Homer Live? By VICTOR BÉRARD. Translated by BRIAN RHYS. Dent. 6s.

There are certain problems in literature the chief charm of which probably lies in their apparent insolubility. While their solution would not add substantially to our appreciation of the works which they affect, they afford endless work to the scholar and endless amusement to the dilettante, and a certain amount of mild pleasure or annoyance to the general reader. Such are the Homeric problem, the authorship of the *Pervigilium Veneris* and the questions involved in the sonnets of Shakespeare. On all of these much sound critical work has been done, and yet the true view of each is still more likely to be found among those who base a tentative opinion upon instinct rather than among those who dogmatise upon the foundation of an imperfect knowledge. This is not to say that all further critical work can be ignored, since an ultimate solution is always a possibility, and even if a book like *Did Homer Live?* does little more than throw sidelights on the question which it raises, these are not without their interest and value.

M. Victor Bérard is an eminent French savant who has written several volumes on the Homeric controversy; his latest summarises in 200 odd pages the conclusions at which he has arrived, and is therefore necessarily somewhat sketchy, and tends to alternate between over-detailed passages and insufficiently supported dogma. M. Bérard's viewpoint is best indicated by quotation:

> I believe the *Odyssey* to be the work of a cultured poet who can write and read, and who borrows from a written source the material for his descriptions and legends. This source, direct or indirect, he owed to the Phœnicians, and the information which the poet thus borrowed is of a kind that points to some sailors' manual, a *periplous* prepared by a professional hand, as his original source. On the one hand the Phœnician sailors' manual, on the other the

Greek poem: between the two, may we not suppose, or dimly see, some bridge to span the gap?

In support of the first affirmation, M. Bérard adduces proof that a written alphabet was perfected in the towns of Phœnicia 400 years before Homer's time, and that there was close intercourse between the Aegean and the Levant. He also makes out a strong case for the existence of the sailors' manuals to which he supposes the author of the *Odyssey* had access, although when he says "the *Odyssey*" he really means one section of it which he labels *The Tales at the Court of Alkinoos*, and which alone he assigns to "Homer"; the rest of the poem he divides into two parts, *The Voyage of Telemachus*, "the work of a second-rate poet who makes skilful use of all the tricks of the trade," and *The Revenge of Odysseus*, "due to a mere versifier, a clever disciple, without great originality." This apparently arbitrary classification will raise grave doubts in those who remember, for instance, Telemachus' meeting with Helen, and the character of Eumaius, the swineherd, or the reunion of Odysseus and Penelope as portrayed in the so-called *Revenge*, but M. Bérard proceeds to tread on even more doubtful ground:

I would give it as my belief that Phœnician explorations in the Western sea gave rise to a *periplous* on the Egyptian model, which, following on the Chaldean model, gave the outline and substance of a Phœnician poem celebrating the deeds of Melkart-Herakles, and I believe that the poet who composed *The Tales at the Court of Alkinoos* used this Tyrian-Sidonian epic just as the poet of the *Aeneid* used the Homeric poems later.

To what lengths a scholar will go once he has started on the primrose path of conjecture! M. Bérard does not adduce a jot or tittle of evidence for the existence of this Phœnician poem, but contents himself with the pious hope that it will turn up when further excavations have been carried out in Syria and Irak. He uses the same excuse of present ignorance for practically ignoring the *Iliad*, an absurd proceeding if any answer is to be given to the question raised by the title of the book. The whole problem, in fact, again resolves itself into a matter of faith; Homer may be a sun-myth, or a collection of street-corner reciters, or a mere man. M. Bérard is not a sentimental unitarian, and at the same time is opposed to the German "critical" school which flourished last century, but his Homer is a very impoverished poet, and his "I believe" must be regarded as a confession of faith and nothing more.

The sidelights he throws on Homer are more entertaining than his main thesis. For the date of the poet he falls back on Herodotus, who in the Shades will doubtless be pleased at yet another tribute to his veracity. There are also ingenious, if not convincing, theories about Proteus, who is identified with the Khalif of the Thousand and One Nights, and about the Semitic origin of the Homeric pun. *Did Homer Live?* does not furnish a reply to that question, but it is well worth reading by all those who still read their Homer or who recall the pleasure that they once obtained from that perhaps laborious exercise.

SHORTER NOTICES

Eighteenth Century England. By SIMON MACCOBY. Longmans. 7s. 6d.

Mr. Maccoby has written this excellent school history book for those who are reading for the Higher School Certificate and other similar examinations. He does not claim to do more than provide an adequate grounding in the history of the period from the Revolution and Waterloo. In accomplishing this he gives us a history book of an entirely different kind from those in use twenty or thirty years ago. While anxious to avoid the partisan spirit which troubled so many historians in the past, he successfully avoids the dullness which is often the alternative. He writes with breadth and humanity, and makes the eighteenth century, with all its confusions and cross-currents of politics, appear before his readers in its true light—as a time when people very like ourselves were struggling with difficulties very like our own. He throws many sidelights on events, and provokes in the reader speculation and a desire to go further into the more important problems of the time.

Holiday. By FRANCES NOYES HART. Heinemann. 7s. 6d.

Mrs. Noyes Hart has made a pleasing book out of a tour with her husband and a car through France. The ideal holiday account should have something of the quality of a good dream, into which nothing tiresomely commonplace must break. It may be argued that an American gourmet with a large car and enough dollars to meet the steepest situation has no excuse for shattering the dream. Yet skill, imagination and a delicate touch are needed to sustain this airy atmosphere. If it were lost, Mrs. Hart would have little enough to fall back on, for her matter, stripped of its illusion, is limited to a succession of hotels and menus, glimpses of a church, a town, a landscape, and descriptions of *recherché* meals. But she has caught it all up in a veil of sentiment where fancy merges happily into humour. She writes in a light and friendly style.

The Month of May. By JANE DASHWOOD. Murray. 7s. 6d.

We hear a great deal nowadays about the glut of fiction published every year, but not even a surfeit of novels could spoil the palate for such a book as this. For in *The Month of May* we find again the wit and delicacy and freshness which was praised so much in *Three Daughters*, increased instead of disseminated. Miss Dashwood makes use here of the old dramatic rule of the unities, and shows us all she has to show during twenty-four hours in one place; and it is impossible to guess how much the book has gained in vigour and clarity by this circumscription of events. *The Month of May* is Mary Willoughby's story, but so skilfully has Miss Dashwood traced the pattern of Mary's life that when we close the book we feel we have known her family and friends as long as Mary herself has known them. Roger and Vivien and Dick are real people, living and delightful and satisfying; and if only we could find those of our friends who resemble them in any way as amusing as Eleanor and Miss Flack and Aunt Bertha, how very much less trying life would be. Miss Dashwood has captured and distilled in a single day the very essence not only of Mary herself, but of all lovely, passing things, and not least of the "old gentleness and old service" of love itself.

Army Without Banners. By JOHN BEAMES. Benn. 7s. 6d.

In judging their American and Canadian cousins, the English often tend to forget how little removed from the pioneering stage are those whom they criticise as barbarians. This straightforward story of pioneers in North-West Canada brings home forcibly how important is the element of still-remembered early adventures in the Canadian character. Mr. Beames tells his tale without any frills, and all types find a place in the plot. There is Clovelly, who has in his blood the desire always "to go a little further," there is his hard-working, less imaginative wife, the aristocratic Kent, the stolid English sergeant, the effervescent Frenchman and the impoverished Swedes. There is no monotony in *Army Without Banners*, and the main narrative of the taming of a new land is cleverly interrupted more than once by exciting interludes, of which that dealing with the freight trail should especially appeal to all who like to read of stern and heroic endurance. That the book is to some extent autobiographical enhances its value as a record of facts too easily forgotten.

A WHITE BIRD FLYING BESS S. ALDRICH
"A Lantern in Her Hand," by this author, has been selling continuously for three years. In this new novel Mrs. Aldrich takes for her heroine the granddaughter of the same Abbie Deal, who was the central character in her previous book. **7/6**

THE RED FOG LIFTS ALBERT MULDAVIN
This delightfully informal account of the conditions in present-day Russia represent the unbiased impressions of a business man's three years in Russia. **7/6**

EFFECTIVE STUDY HABITS CHARLES BIRD
The reader is guided step by step in forming habits that will give him mastery over himself and his problems of studying and thinking. **5/-**

OLD BOWERY DAYS ALVIN F. HARLOW
The New York Bowery is recognised and known the world over, and this is the first volume giving its history. Fully illustrated by reproductions of old photographs and drawings. **18/-**

THE LITTLE GREEN SHUTTER BRAND WHITLOCK
Mr. Whitlock turns his social insight, his irony and unfailing philosophy upon the attitude of the American people toward prohibition. **6/-**

POST GRADUATE CONTRACT BRIDGE J. VAN DERNOOT
Advanced points for advanced players. **2/6**

D. APPLETON & CO., 34 BEDFORD ST., LONDON

HOW EVERYONE CAN LEARN A FOREIGN LANGUAGE

Great Success of New Pelman Method of Learning French, German, Spanish and Italian.

Can you read Spanish?—No.
Do you know any German?—No.
Here are two books, one printed in Spanish, the other in German.—Yes.
Can you read them?—Of course not.
Well, try and see.

An Hour Later.

Miraculous! I can read and understand every word.

* * * *

The above is typical of the experiences of the thousands of men and women who are learning French, Italian, Spanish, or German by the new Pelman method.

For instance, this method enables you to pick up a 48-page book, printed in a language of which you are entirely ignorant, and not containing a single English word, and to read it through without a mistake.

It sounds impossible, yet it is perfectly true, as you will see for yourself when you take the first lesson.

This method enables you to learn French in French, German in German, Italian in Italian, and Spanish in Spanish, thus avoiding all translation from one language into another.

It enables you to *think* in the particular language you are learning.

It enables you to learn a Foreign Language without spending months in a preliminary struggle with a mass of dull and difficult grammatical rules and exceptions. It introduces you to the language itself straight away, and you pick up the grammar almost unconsciously as you go along.

There are no vocabularies to be learnt by heart, parrot fashion. You learn the words you need by using them, and so that they stay in your mind without effort.

There are no classes to attend. The instruction is given through the post and you can follow the method in your own time and place.

Finally, this new method enables you to learn French, German, Spanish, or Italian in from one-third to one-half the usual time, and in an exceedingly simple and interesting way.

Here are a few examples of letters received from people who have learned a foreign language in this way:—

"A truly remarkable course of instruction. At the end of five months I am reading **French** with a fluency that I never expected in so short a time." (S. 1759.)

"Although I knew no **Italian** when I started these lessons, I have just read an (Italian) novel with ease and enjoyment. It was 'Vae Victis,' by Vivanti." (I. B. 329.)

"Until I took up your (**Spanish**) Course I did not believe it possible to learn a language in a few months. I thought I should miss the use of a direct grammar, but the rules you give as the lessons go on are surprisingly adequate." (S. D. 348.)

"I am very well satisfied with my progress since I started the (**German**) Course. To acquire a vocabulary of over 1,000 words and to acquire the faculty of thinking in a foreign language, in the space of a very few months, was, I thought, hardly possible. However, your course does all that is claimed for it." (G. R. 357.)

"I find it both interesting and attractive. The method appeals to me, and I shall certainly recommend it to anyone I may meet who desires to acquire a thorough and practical knowledge of the **French** language in a pleasant and easy fashion." (L. 111.)

Write For Free Book To-Day.

This new method of learning languages is explained in a little book entitled "The Gift of Tongues." There are four editions of this book, one for each language. The first explains the method of learning French; the second the method of learning German; the third the method of learning Spanish; the fourth the method of learning Italian. (There are also Courses in Urdu and Afrikaans.)

You can have a free copy of any one of these books by writing for it to-day to the Pelman Institute, 66, Languages House, Bloomsbury Street, London, W.C.1.

State which book you want, and a copy will be sent you by return, gratis and post free. Write or call to-day.

Overseas Branches: PARIS, 35, Rue Boissy d'Anglas. NEW YORK, 71, West 45th Street. MELBOURNE, 396, Flinders Lane. DURBAN, Natal Bank Chambers. DELHI, 10. Alipore Road. CALCUTTA, 57, Park Street.

About Motoring

1932 STANDARD CARS

THE Standard Company was at one time renowned for fairly cheap family cars of good size at a medium price. When the impecunious owner-driver appeared they rapidly produced a most excellent small car, and concentrated on the needs of the amateur with limited means. They studied him as nobody else at that date troubled to study him. They were the first firm in the world to supply him with an adequate tool-kit for the various jobs which he must tackle himself unless garage bills are to become formidable; and with the tools they provided free all those trivial "spares," such as nuts, washers, bolts, gaskets and the like, lack of which so often holds up an amateur overhaul. Anon, when he clamoured for more comfort, they invented the all-weather top. Above all, they were invariably careful to remember that what is nasty is never really cheap. So when mass production forced them in common with other factories to revise their manufacturing methods they possessed two great assets. The first was a long list of happy owners who trusted them. The second was a factory tradition that the customer deserves the most sympathetic study as a maintainer of motor cars no less than as a buyer. In the fierce battle for public favour which followed the conversion of the industry to mass production they have suffered vicissitudes, like all their competitors. But this year's sales probably show as creditable a relation to those of 1928, 1929 and 1930 as any other firm's in the industry. And now—greatly daring—they have completed and published their 1932 programme months before the usual date, a rash move, which means that they feel confident no rival can torpedo it. It consists of three familiar cars, improved in detail and brought up to date. In the Big Nine, the Ensign—now renamed the Sixteen—and the Envoy—to be known as the Twenty—there are no important changes. All have four-speed gear boxes with noiseless third ratios, and in some chassis the gear ratios have been modified to give better acceleration and climb. There is a new radiator of the fashionable ribbon type with vertical centre line, and this change permits the body lines to be made smarter and offers the driver a better view of his wings. Improvements have been effected in the suspension of all models, and the coachwork bristles with novel ingenuities and adornments. Wire wheels and a choice of half a dozen carefully selected body finishes are worth mention. Inspection indicates that the cars look longer and lower than the old models, whilst measurement shows that a little additional space is available in all the rear seats. The prices are low for cars of this class, and most of the closed body models display a cut of £20 or £30 compared with the 1931 figures, though the prices of the open tourers are unchanged.

Until the trade depression passes the factory evidently hopes to achieve large sales of the fourth car, which is a new model. It will be known as the Little Nine, and as the standard saloon is priced at £155 it is obviously intended to compete with the Austin Seven, and the many imitations of that wonderful little car. The designer has wisely realised that quality varies very little in that stratum of the market, and that sales are very largely influenced by appearance and by comfort. He has contrived to do some positively inspired juggling with lines and dimensions. We are all familiar with two types of coachwork on chassis of this size. The one is bare and modest; it tells no lies; it looks cheap, light and cramped; and it is, in fact, all three of these things. It fits a bottom-price car and has no other recommendation whatsoever. On similar chassis we also encounter a totally different type of body. It looks expensive, though it is really tolerably cheap. It looks extremely comfortable, but in practice conveys an impression of skimpiness, because although one may spread a little after entry, yet it is by no means easy to get in or out. Above all, it reminds us of a fat man mounted on a Shetland pony, because it completely overburdens the chassis from the appearance standpoint. The complete Little Nine Standard conveys no such idea of bulginess. It strikes a dispassionate eye as being perfectly proportioned. The chassis does not seem to be struggling to carry the body, like a small child stooping under a colossal bundle of washing in a slum street. A drive in the car fortifies this impression. There are four doors, which minimise the struggles of large people to enter or quit a tiny car. The front seats are separate and adjustable. The dimensions are surprisingly generous through-

Staff work

LLOYDS BANK has never lost sight of the fact that the success of a business depends above all upon the efficiency and loyalty of its personnel. The telephone, the typewriter, intricate book-keeping machines, strong-rooms which are miracles of engineering skill — all these are very real aids to the meticulous execution of banking routine; but they are infinitely less important than the finer mechanism of human brains, the greater strength of human integrity.

The fundamental reason for the consistent growth of Lloyds Bank is the maintenance, by every member of its staff, of the tradition of personal courtesy and helpfulness which has been handed down from the leisurely days of private banking.

Lloyds Bank Limited

3½ MONTHS AFLOAT for £135
IN A FIRST-CLASS LINER

24,000 Miles - - - 25/- a day

Such is the Travel Opportunity offered by

THE ROUND VOYAGES OF THE EASTERN VESSELS
of the

BLUE FUNNEL LINE

Carrying First-class passengers only
sailing every four weeks from LIVERPOOL to
MARSEILLES, PORT SAID, COLOMBO, THE STRAITS and CHINA
and returning to LONDON

London passengers are conveyed to Liverpool by special first-class train on sailing day at the Company's expense.

SUMMER HOLIDAY RETURN RATES—
MARSEILLES, £22 EGYPT, £35

For full particulars apply to

ALFRED HOLT & CO., Water Street, Liverpool;
JOHN SWIRE & SONS, LTD., 8 Billiter Sq., London;
or any Travel Agency.

A PROFITABLE POLICY

Even a successful speculator makes a loss sometimes, and there are many cases of a man dying just at that moment when his estate has thus been depleted. This eventuality and many others are adequately provided for by a Policy

AMP

in the A.M.P., the largest British Mutual Life Office with Assets of £83,000,000 and an Annual Income of £11,800,000. The Premiums are low, the Bonuses high, and the Policies world-wide. Write for Prospectus and full particulars.

(Established 1849.)

AUSTRALIAN MUTUAL PROVIDENT SOCIETY

73-76 King William Street, E.C.4.
D. E. WALKER, Manager for the United Kingdom.

OUT OF MY RUE
By ALICE ACTON

"Essays and sketches betraying a very charming personality."—*Church of England Newspaper.* "Charming little stories and sketches . . . gracefully written."—*Everyman.* "This is a book that many people will wish to possess."—*Bystander.*

At all Bookshops, 6/0 net.

CHAPMAN & HALL, LTD.

VAPEX
INHALANT

The Safe, Speedy Cold Cure

Simply put a drop on the handkerchief and breathe the vapour. Perfectly safe—"Vapex" acts as a gentle stimulant to the respiratory system. Wonderfully speedy because the vapour kills the germs which cause the trouble. The sooner "Vapex" is used the sooner will your cold disappear.

Of Chemists, 2/- & 3/-

THOMAS KERFOOT & CO. LTD. V.54

BOOKSHOP NOTES

JOHN MURRAY. The Exhibition arranged in the Court House by this famous publishing firm contains many things of very great interest—letters and manuscripts of Byron, the manuscript of Croker's article in the "Quarterly," which hastened Keats' end, the manuscripts of "Jane Eyre" and "The Ring and the Book," and many more.

BUENOS AIRES. We are displaying in our windows part of the book exhibit at the recent Buenos Aires Exhibition, the sections shown being *The Bible* and *Book Binding.*

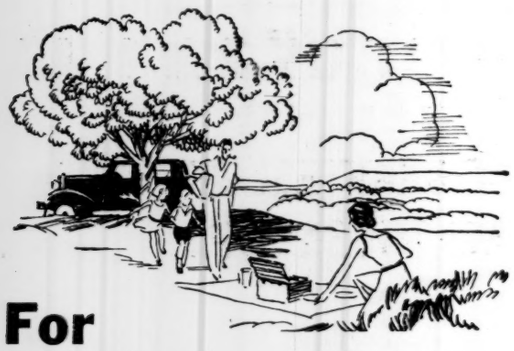
FIRST and SIGNED EDITIONS. A fine collection of these, which should interest the collector, is being shown on the Ground Floor.

JOHN & EDWARD BUMPUS LTD.
Booksellers to His Majesty the King
350 OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.1
Telephone: Mayfair 3601

out. It may be classed as the best body of the type on a small chassis, both in looks and in use. This asset is multiplied exceedingly by the really amazing excellence of the springing. I could not have believed that so small and cheap a car could possibly ride so well. Technically there is nothing very exciting about the suspension, which consists of two pairs of half-elliptic springs, damped by Andre shock absorbers, but the result is genuinely remarkable. I can only congratulate the Standard designer on having wrung the last ounce of efficiency from a perfectly commonplace design. The length and width and mounting of the springs is obviously perfectly adapted to their load, and the steel must be of unusual quality. Since most tiny cars are definitely uncomfortable except at a modest cruising speed on good roads, the Little Nine should sell very freely.

The mechanical design of the chassis is the quintessence of simplicity. Every component has been tackled along the most straightforward lines, and all dispensable parts have been pruned off. I did not note that any sacrifices of importance had been accepted in this quest, except that there is no adjustment for the roller chain driving the camshaft. When wear on this chain reaches a certain point, the owner will have no option except to buy a new chain, and possibly a couple of new sprockets as well. Such a renewal will not in any case be required till the car has a long period of honourable service behind it. The simple brake gear is far more gratifying to the average rather stupid owner than the extremely complex compensators fitted to certain expensive cars, which can hardly be reset with accuracy except by a mechanic who has been trained at a service station; it is a pathetic sight to watch a rural garage struggling with the brake gear of some well-known cars when they cease to stop quickly enough in the course of a long tour. The engine is robust to the eye and behaves admirably on the road. I had almost ceased to hope that any newcomer to this field could claim special excellence, but this rugged and blunt little chassis promises to make a first-class name for itself, and to do so very rapidly indeed. One of my friends took it round Brooklands with light articles placed on the rear cushion. He ran it up to practically sixty miles an hour, and nothing fell on to the floor.

R. E. DAVIDSON.



For outdoor feasts

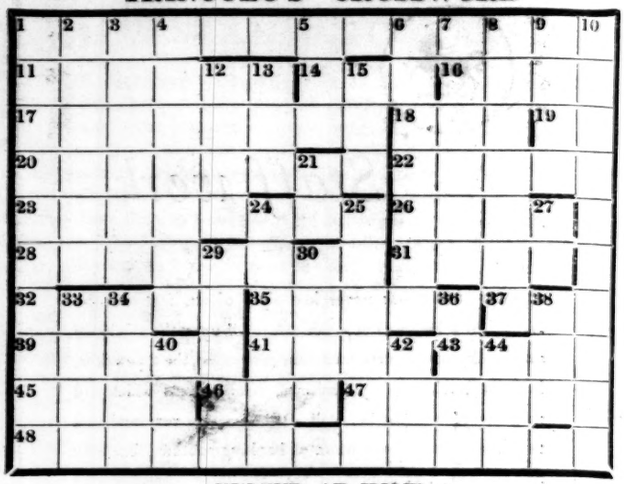
Hovis Sandwiches are nourishing and delicious. They satisfy the healthiest appetite and delight everybody. When one main course makes a meal, rely on them to make that meal a real feast.

HOVIS SANDWICHES

HOVIS LTD., LONDON, BRISTOL, MACCLESFIELD, ETC.

Playtime

TRINCULO'S CROSSWORD



KULTUR AT HOME

ACROSS.

1. Heads are pretty short with us.
11. Quality of woman when pain and/or anguish wring the brow.
14. Perhaps you'd better not put this in.
16. Best not to perform my reverse in my forwards manner.
17. Conceited young man is for once disconcerted.
18. My plural is of singular beauty.
19. If you get on, it's a pretty long time.
20. Just for remembrance' sake.
22. Gnals.
23. Hypothetically in a state of bliss.
26. Mr. Montague's was liberated.
28. Crusoe lands at Hull.
31. With Pol in an Oxford Honour School.
32. Gather something more than narrow.
35. An oyster might make something of me.
37. If keen, I could make you breeches.
39. They call me small and mean, but part of me at least is pretty prosperous.
41. Decapitated maid of battle.
43. City of a thousand heartbreaks.
45. Rant confusedly, but make a straightforward allegation.
46. May—in revue.
47. Reversed, and reversed again.
48. Our hobbies are on the move.

DOWN.

1. My products, they say, are sold to the credulous in China.
2. A famous novelist's lord.
3. Byron asked my maid to hear his vows.
4. Hence the violin.
5. Jest or pillow, husk or fish—choose among us as you wish.
6. Precedes pretty maiden in *Patience*.
7. Deeds of which Kingsley wrote.
8. My bridge is patronised by Terpsichore.
9. Sapphira's mate.
10. Characteristic of the contents of sardine tins.
12. Prince of ballet.
13. Dominion with 46 *ac*.
15. I'm always in the best circles.
21. Found within 26 *ac*.
24. Cut short, and then cut shorter.
25. The late Horn.
27. Quixote, we would rob you of nothing.
29. Method of ornamentation.
30. Something of a jar for Catullus.
33. Alleged cause of cosmic rotation.
34. Often forecasts, not too accurately, the duration of 33 *dn*.
36. The introspective novelist ejects the saint.
38. A re-incarnation of 37 *ac*.
40. Wandering insectless.
42. Not quite nameless.
44. Springcleaning at Mr. Fox's.

BRIDGE

HOW TO BID AT CONTRACT: A SERIES OF ILLUSTRATIVE HANDS

Hand No. XIX. Defensive overbid of one in a Suit when vulnerable, with resulting bid for game.

North:	East:
♠ Q J 3 2 ♥ J 8 4 ♦ 10 8 3 ♣ A 7 6	♠ 9 7 5 ♥ A K 9 7 3 ♦ 7 5 ♣ Q 8 4
West:	**South:**
♠ 8 ♥ Q 10 6 ♦ A K J 9 2 ♣ J 10 5 2	♠ A K 10 6 4 ♥ 5 2 ♦ Q 6 4 ♣ K 9 3

Score: Game all. South deals.

The Bidding: South - 1 ♠ West - 2 ♦ North - 2 ♠ East - 3 ♥
South No bid West - 4 ♥ All pass.

Notes on the Bidding: South, to make an overbid of Two when vulnerable, needs a strong trump-suit and at least two Honour-tricks in all. North's raise in spades is not justified; he has only 1½ Honour-tricks and no ruffing strength in the hand. The remainder of the bidding is in my opinion unexceptionable.

East should make his contract against any defence. North-South, if not vulnerable, would be justified in bidding Four spades, and so saving the rubber at the cost of a 500 points penalty.

LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD. (Notes in Brackets).

ACROSS.—1. grave. 5. child. 9. sad (ist). 11. arena (*Childe Harold*). 12. Ilion (Troy). 13, 29. cl-aw. 14. tn (rant). 15. stair. 16. handy *rev.* 18. tot. 19. April (30 days in the month). 20. Ceres. 21. ided (died). 22. south (Norman Douglas). 23. teak (steak). 24. teems. 25. osier (Nosey Parker). 26. ate. 27. Orion. 28. tiffs *rev.* 29. aw. 30. pi (π=nearly 3⅐). 31. strip. 32. brass *rev.* (monumentum aere perennius). 34. ill (Ill.). 35. scoot. 36. snail (" on the thorn "). 37. dyke. 38. untie (unite). 39. Acts.

DOWN.—1. Gatti. 2. ar. 3. vet. 4. pane *rev.* 5. Cairo. 6. ra(il). 7. lid. 8. done. 9. snare. 10. D.L. 11. an-ode. 12. (S)irius. 13. c-heat. 15. Steer. 16. fifty *rev.* 17. askew. 19. admit. 20. chefs. 22. Cross *rev.* 23. trian (train). 24. tepid. 25. on-i-on. 26. Carta *rev.* 27. oily. 28. spot. 29. (h)a-bit. 31. s(i)lk. 32. its *rev.* 33. sly *rev.* 35. S.E. 36. S.E.

CALIBAN.

A Gallery of CARTOONS *by* LOW

List of Subjects:

1. Mr. H. G. Wells
2. Mr. Ramsay MacDonald
3. Mr. Arnold Bennett
4. Lord Oxford
5. Mr. Joseph Conrad
6. Sir W. Joynson-Hicks
7. Mr. Bernard Shaw
8. Mr. Lloyd George
9. Mr. St. Loe Strachey
10. Sir Austen Chamberlain
11. Lord Beaverbrook
12. Mr. Philip Snowden
13. Mr. Hilaire Belloc
14. Mr. Winston Churchill
15. Mr. J. L. Garvin
16. Mr. G. K. Chesterton
17. The Lord Chief Justice
18. Mr. Augustus John
19. Mr. J. H. Thomas
20. Mr. Robert Lynd

These 20 sketches are the most noteworthy collection of Low's more serious work. They were published as Supplements to THE NEW STATESMAN in 1926, and are printed on special cartridge paper. The small reproduction above gives a very inadequate idea of the quality of their production. The size of the sketches is 13in. by 9in., and they make a most interesting "gallery" for the club, library, smoke-room, billiard-room, etc. The plates have been destroyed. FRAMED in black polished wood, they cost 2s. 6d. each, or 45s. the set (20), postage for one or two pictures 1s., and for each additional picture 3d. UNFRAMED, the sketches cost 1s. each, postage 1d.

Illustrated Prospectus Free upon application to the Publisher—

THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.
10 Gt. Queen St., Kingsway, London, W.C.2.

DO YOU SAVE?

The £55,000,000 of resources of the C.W.S. Bank and its 60,000 satisfied account holders are the best indication of its utility to investors.

Full particulars of its facilities supplied on request.

Write to-day to—

C.W.S. BANK

Head Office :
1 Balloon Street, Manchester

Branches :
99 Leman Street, London, E.1
42 Kingsway, W.C.2
Transport House, Smith Square, Westminster
West Blandford Street, Newcastle-on-Tyne
Broad Quay, Bristol

DOES NOT THIS APPEAL OF THE CHILDREN TOUCH YOUR HEART?

1,100 young children, some fatherless, some motherless, some total orphans, but all taken from dire poverty, are now under the care of

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES & "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

(Founded 1843)

2s. 6d. will keep the Homes and Training Ship for one minute
£7 10s. 0d. will keep the Homes and Training Ship for one hour
Please send a gift to help the Society in this great work of caring for, and providing for, these young ones,

164 SHAFTESBURY AVENUE, LONDON, W.C.2

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

TO ENSURE the regular delivery of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION it is advisable for every reader either

(1) To become a Postal Subscriber
or (2) To place a definite order with a Newsagent.

A Postal Subscription to any address in the world costs:

One Year	post free	30s. 0d.
Six Months	,, ,, ...	15s. 0d.
Three Months	,, ,, ...	7s. 6d.

THE MANAGER, THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION
10 GREAT QUEEN ST., KINGSWAY, LONDON, W.C.2.

THE WEEK IN THE CITY

By TOREADOR

THE GILT-EDGED DILEMMA—OUR SHORT-TERM INDEBTEDNESS AND THE AMERICAN—FILM COMPANY STOCKS—OIL AND THE "SILLY SEASON."

THE gilt-edged market is in a queer fix. The Economy Committee has told it that the national finances are in a hopeless condition and that the next Budget cannot be balanced without such drastic economies as only a "National Government" could propose. These sentiments are voiced by all the defeatists or "bears" in the City and go to increase the anxiety of foreign holders of British Government funds who are already afraid that Great Britain will be forced at any moment off the gold standard. On the other hand, Mr. Snowden only recently declared that the position of London as a financial centre was impregnable and that he had prepared a "huge conversion scheme" by which "a large saving on the debt would be effected." Had it not been for "recent financial developments," he added, this conversion of 5 per cent. War Loan would have been floated before now, and he was anxious to put it forward at the "first available opportunity." What is the poor unfortunate investor to do? Believe the Economy Committee and exchange from the long-dated British Government Stocks into 5 per cent. War Loan or believe Mr. Snowden and exchange from 5 per cent. War Loan into the long-dated? In so far as the market has already given an answer, it has been on the side of the Economy Committee. The prices of the long-dated stocks have reacted and are now from 4 to 5 points below the highest levels reached this year. In view of the sharp rise in the Bank rate in July from 2½ per cent. to 4½ per cent., and the prevailing uncertainty of the exchanges, they could hardly have done otherwise. Mr. Snowden has missed the conversion "bus."

* * *

There were several occasions this year, as I pointed out in these columns, when the City was actively canvassing the possibility of calling the entire block of over £2,000 millions of 5 per cent. War Loan for redemption, and saving at least £20 millions a year in interest. If Mr. Snowden had not been a sick man at the critical time, I believe that a conversion of 5 per cent. War Loan would have been launched. The chances of effecting a voluntary conversion on to a 4 per cent. basis now appear remote. It is not that the financial position of Great Britain is any worse than that, say, of America. We have, according to *The Economist*, about £4,000 millions of long-term capital invested abroad, part of which could be mobilised in case of emergency. This compares with about $15,000 millions of long-term capital which America has invested abroad. The net short-term indebtedness of London to foreigners at the end of 1930, according to the Macmillan report, had fallen from £302 millions to £254 millions as against $1,068 millions which America owed to foreigners on short-term capital account. There is nothing in these figures which points to any comparative weakness on the part of Great Britain. There is no doubt that the finance houses of London and, to a lesser extent, of New York have been overdoing short-term international operations. London in particular has over-reached itself. It has not had long-term funds available for foreign loans; so it has lent the foreigners money on short-term. When the foreigner makes a run on the bank there is the devil to pay.

* * *

The public was given an insight into the finances of the British film industry last week by the publication of the accounts of British International Pictures and its subsidiary Associated British Cinemas. If you were to ask me whether the Films Act of 1927 has enabled British companies to produce films at a profit I would not be able to answer. The trading accounts of the exclusively producing units—for example, Gainsborough Pictures, British and Dominions, British Lion—have so far shown nothing but losses. Indeed, no individual British producer can hope to make a decent living, seeing that he is barred from the American market by the big American combines. That is why British films consist generally of unintelligent talking-screen versions of stage plays—a type of film, cheap to produce, which can actually recoup itself from our miserable domestic market. Thus the Films Act has encouraged the production of the cheap-as-dirt British films as the most economic means by which the American distributor can meet his British quota requirements. A dominating position in the British film production industry is now held by British International Pictures—its "feature" films last year numbered thirty-five—but its accounts do not disclose what profit it is making in its Elstree studios as distinct from the profits it derives on its investments in Wardour Films (the distributing or renting organisation) and in Associated British Cinemas (its theatre-owning subsidiary). The same criticism is true of the accounts of the Gaumont-British Picture Corporation, which, however, is far less interested in production than British International Pictures. The most prosperous side of the film industry is, of course, the exhibition of films. Last year the Associated British Cinemas increased its trading profits, largely by adding to its circuit, by 47 per cent. and Provincial Cinematograph Theatres, the chief theatre-owning subsidiary of Gaumont-British by 19 per cent. But the trade depression has begun to affect the attendances at cinemas—except on Sunday in London—and the high profit ratios of 1929-30 are not likely to be maintained in 1930-31.

* * *

For this reason the prior charges of the cinema-theatre companies are now returning comparatively high yields. Here are the principal securities of the Gaumont-British group contrasted with the preference shares of Associated British Cinemas—

	Highest Price 1931.	Present Price.	Yield %
Gaumont-British :—			
6½% 1st mort. debs.	103½	101	6.42
7½% cum. pref. shs.	17/3	16/4½	9.16
P.C.T. :—			
6% 1st mort. debs.	99¾	96¾	6.20
7½% cum. pref. shs.	19/3	18/6	8.10
7½% participating pref. ord.	18/3	15/–	10.08
Denman Picture Houses :—			
7% G'teed 1st mort. debs.*	99½	94	7.45
General Theatres 6½% 1st mort. debs.	86½	70	9.30
Associated British Cinema :—			
7½% cum. pref. shs.	16/10½	16/–	9.38

* Red. at 102 in March, 1957, by Cum. Sinking fund of 1½%.

A few candid comments on these securities seem called for. The Gaumont-British Picture Corporation, judged by its accounts for the year to March, 1930, is over-capitalised, for it earned only 3 per cent. on the amount of its share and loan capital and share premiums. For the year to March, 1931, its accounts are not yet published, but its profits, according to the directors, show "a substantial advance." The truth is that it paid too much for its acquisition of Denman Picture Houses and General Theatres. These subsidiaries are now showing better results, in particular Denman Picture Houses, and I would prefer the 7 per cent. first mortgage debenture stock of Denman Picture Houses, which is guaranteed by Gaumont-British as to principal, premiums and interest, to any prior charge of the Gaumont-British group, except the 6 per cent. first mortgage debenture stock of Provincial Cinematograph Theatres. As for the 7½ per cent. preference shares of Associated British Cinemas yielding 9.38 per cent. the dividends were covered last year over four times by net earnings, but the company's balance sheet showed £944,000 in mortgages and secured bank loans, which sooner or later will have to be funded.

* * *

This is the silly season, too, for the American oil industry. The Governor of Oklahoma State, known to his friends as "Alfalfa Bill," has become tired of trying to collect taxes from bankrupt oil companies and has issued an order closing down all producing wells until the price of crude oil returns to 1 dollar a barrel. What is more, he has turned out the National Guard to compel the "shut-down." Output restriction by force of arms may yet be the solution of the slump for this crazy world, but the absurdity of "Alfalfa Bill's" proclamation is shown by the determination of the operators in the new East Texas oilfield to produce the extra 350,000 barrels a day which Oklahoma will perforce go without. For the moment "Alfalfa Bill" has caused the price of petrol to rise, in spite of the colossal over-supply of crude oil above and below ground. The oil markets in America are truly in a state of chaos. A final word to shareholders of the Shell Union Corporation. Do not be dismayed by the huge paper losses disclosed in the quarterly account to June 30th. The Corporation has allowed in its operating expenses for the writing-down of stocks to current market values and in its "depletion" charge for heavy depreciation of its fixed assets. The Shell Union would not continue to pay its preference dividends if it were not maintaining or improving its cash position.

London Amusements

MATINEES

All at 2.30 p.m., unless otherwise stated.

ALDWYCH.	TURKEY TIME.	Wed. & Fri.
DALY'S.	FLORODORA.	Wed. and Sat.
DUKE OF YORK'S.	LONDON WALL.	W. & T.
GLOBE.	THE IMPROPER DUCHESS.	Wed. & Sat.
HIPPODROME.	STAND UP AND SING.	Wed. & Sat.
LYRIC.	AUTUMN CROCUS.	Wed. & Sat.
PHŒNIX.	LATE NIGHT FINAL.	Wed. & Thurs.
QUEEN'S.	BARRETTS OF WIMPOLE ST.	W. & S
SAVOY.	DR. JEKYLL & MR. HYDE.	Mon. & Thurs.
ST. MARTIN'S.	LEAN HARVEST.	Tues., Fri.
STRAND.	IT'S A BOY.	Tues. & Thurs.
WHITEHALL.	TAKE A CHANCE.	Mon. & Wed.

THEATRES

ALDWYCH. Tem. Bar 6404.
Nightly at 8.15. Mats. Wed., Fri., 2.30.
TURKEY TIME.
Mary Brough and RALPH LYNN.

COLISEUM. Charing Cross. Tem. Bar 3161.
Sir Oswald Stoll presents
ERIK CHARELL'S
WHITE HORSE INN.
Daily at 2.30 and 8.15.

DALY'S. (Ger. 0201). Evgs. 8.15. Mat. Wed. & Sat. 2.30.
FLORODORA.
George Graves, Dorothy Ward, Lorna Hubbard, Violet Code, Charles Stone. Popular Prices.

DUKE OF YORK'S. Tem. Bar. 5122-3.
Evenings 8.30. Matinees, Wed. & Thurs., 2.30.
LONDON WALL.
By JOHN VAN DRUTEN.

GLOBE. Evgs., 8.30. Wed. & Sat., 2.30. Ger. 8724.
YVONNE ARNAUD in
THE IMPROPER DUCHESS.
A Modern Comedy by JAMES B. FAGAN.

HIPPODROME. London. GER. 0648.
Evgs., 8.15. Mats., Wed. & Sat. 2.30
JACK HUCHANAN in his New Musical Play
STAND UP AND SING.

LYRIC. Evenings, 8.15. Mats., Wed. and Sat., 2.30.
FAY COMPTON, Francis Lederer, in
AUTUMN CROCUS.
"An Enchanting Play."—*Evening News.* Ger. 3686.

PHŒNIX. Charing Cross Road. Tem. Bar 8611.
Evenings at 8.30. Matinees, Weds., Thurs., 2.30.
LATE NIGHT FINAL.
RAYMOND MASSEY. LOUISE HAMPTON.

QUEEN'S THEATRE. GER. 9437.
Evenings, 8.15. MATS., Wed. and Sat., 2.30.
THE BARRETTS OF WIMPOLE ST.
By RUDOLF BESIER.
Gwen Ffrangcon-Davies, Cedric Hardwicke, Marjorie Mars, Scott Sunderland, Joan Barry.
London's Longest Run.

SAVOY. Strand, W.C.2. Temple Bar 8838.
The Strange Case of
DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE.
Evenings at 8.30. Matinees, Mon., Thur., 2.30.

ST. MARTIN'S. Tem. Bar 1443 and 1444.
Nightly at 8.30. Mats. Tues. and Fri. at 2.30.
LEAN HARVEST
By Ronald Jeans. (Last Weeks).

STRAND. Evgs. 8.30. Mats., Tues. & Thur., 2.30.
IT'S A BOY.
LESLIE HENSON, SYDNEY HOWARD, Connie Ediss, Austin Melford. Last 2 Weeks.

WHITEHALL, S.W.1. Whitehall 6692.
Evenings at 8.30. Matinees Mon. & Wed. at 2.30.
MARION LORNE and HUGH WAKEFIELD in
TAKE A CHANCE.

PICTURE THEATRES

ACADEMY. Oxford Street (opposite Warings). The Magnificent Soviet Drama *THE GENERAL LINE*, Sunday, August 16th. *THE CABINET OF DR. CALIGARI* (famous German Classic), and *GIANT HARVEST* (Russian).—Ger. 2981.

EMPIRE, Leic. Sq. Now 10 a.m. to Midnight.
Sundays 6 to 11. Doors open 5 p.m.
MARIE DRESSLER & POLLY MORAN
in "POLITICS."

CONCERTS

QUEEN'S HALL.
Sole Lessees—Chappell & Co., Ltd.
PROMENADE CONCERTS.
NIGHTLY, at 8.
SIR HENRY WOOD.
THE B.B.C. SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.
FULL PROGRAMMES NOW READY.
2s. to 7s. 6d. Season ticket 35s. Agents, Hall.

MISCELLANEOUS

REAL SHETLAND PULLOVERS, CARDIGANS, etc., also all kinds of Shetland Woollies, hand-knitted personally for you by expert knitters, plain, or in the famous "Fair-Isle" patterns, from the real soft, light, elastic, native wools. At Shetland prices, FAR LESS THAN SHOP PRICES; and special end-of-season discount for short period only! Write for ill'd. booklet to:—S.T.96, WM. D. JOHNSON, Mid-Yell, Shetlands.

MISCELLANEOUS—continued

HAVE YOU COCKROACHES? Then buy "Blattis" Union Cockroach Paste. Universally and successfully used in all parts of the Globe. Extermination Guaranteed. From Chemists, Boots Branches, or sole makers, HOWARTHS, 473, Crookesmoor, Sheffield. Tins, 1s. 6d., 2s. 6d., 4s. 6d., post free.

REAL HARRIS HOMESPUNS.—Any length cut. Patterns free on stating shades desired.—JAMES STREET TWEED DEPOT, 104, Stornoway, N.B.

TRAVEL, HOTELS, &c.

KENSINGTON, NEWBURGH HOUSE, 184, CROMWELL ROAD, S.W. WESTERN 4948. Inclusive terms from 3 gns. single, 6 gns. double. Constant hot water. Gas-fires in all bedrooms. Good public rooms. Restaurant. Lawn tennis club attached. Two hard courts. Two minutes Earl's Court Station.—Miss C. M. TURNER, M.B.E.

REFORMED INNS
170 INNS AND HOTELS managed by the PEOPLE'S REFRESHMENT HOUSE ASSOCIATION, Ltd.
Ask for Descriptive List (2d. post free).
P.R.H.A. Ltd., St. George's House, 193, Regent Street, W.1

FELIXSTOWE.—BRACONDALE PTE. HOTEL. Best Position Sea Front. 1st Class Cuisine and Service. Tel. 272.

EASTBOURNE.—2, Jevington Gardens. High-class vegetarian Guest House, at moderate terms. Full particulars on request.—Mrs. P. H. ROGERS (Cookery diploma). Tel. 866.

DEEPDENE, Shanklin, I.W.—Vegetarian Guest House. Beautiful situation, garden, tennis, excellent bathing. Friendly atmosphere amongst visitors, both English and Foreign. Mrs. WYNNE. Telephone: Shanklin 354

BOURNEMOUTH'S Food Reform Guest House, Loughtonhurst, West Cliff Gardens. Sea 2 mins., everything for a restful and happy holiday; very moderate tariff.—Write for Illustrated Prospectus. 'Phone 976.

BOURNEMOUTH.—Walsall House Private Hotel, West Cliff. Excellent cuisine and service: quiet situation, minute from sea: 'phone 1926.—Miss L. STANLEY.

WORTHING.—Private Guest House, near sea, shops and all amusements: gas fires in bedrooms; easy access to Downs.—Misses K. M. ELLIS and E. H. AINSWORTH, Kelso House.

AUSTRIAN TYROL.—Mountains, pinewoods, glaciers. Sun, peace, flowers. Autumn especially beautiful.—Miss ANDREW Pension Waldrast, Mieders-im-Stubaital.

HAMBURG. German schoolmaster (University graduate, married) takes paying guests. Delightful cottage at the outskirts of the town. Pleasant surroundings. English references, terms moderate. Write Dr. Beutler, Bergedorf, Hamburg, Bluecherstr. 1.

FOR SALE, TO LET AND WANTED

CENTRAL, very comfortably furnished, self-contained bed-sitting room, 'phone by bed, gas fire, ring, electric light, bath, in mansion flat, 30s. Suit professional woman.—Box 58, NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, 10 Gt. Queen St., W.C.2.

CLOISTERED peace in charming flats near Clapham Common Tube; 3 rooms, lavatory and kitchen-bathroom. Electric light. In private Close with unique outlook over Convent gardens. 27s. 6d. weekly. No children. Agent, 206, Stewart's Road, S.W.8.

CORNISH RIVIERA.—To let for Winter, charming bungalow, six rooms, bath, W.C., telephone, garage, near golf, sea, daily maid available, low rent. Box 79, NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, 10 Great Queen Street, W.C.2.

SMALL, well-furnished flat to let, several months. Fitzroy Street, W.1. Bargain to careful tenants. Box 76, THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, 10, Great Queen Street, W.C.2.

TO Let, from September 5th, six or eight weeks. Small enchantingly furnished Cotswold house, facing south. 700 ft. Three Reception, 5 Bedrooms. Central heating. Garage. Studio. 4½ gns. Excellent cook and man left.—Box 77, THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, 10, Great Queen Street, W.C.2.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

APPOINTMENTS WANTED & VACANT
SCHOLARSHIPS
TRAINING CENTRES
SCHOOLS
LECTURES
MEETINGS
RESTAURANTS
CONCERTS
THEATRES
CLUBS
Etc.

READERS are invited to use the advertisement columns of this journal for the purpose of making known their wants. Small prepaid advertisements are charged at the rate of One Shilling and Sixpence per line per insertion. (A line comprises about eight words.) One line should be added for Box Numbers. Substantial reductions are allowed for a series of insertions, details of which will be sent on application to the Advertisement Manager, "The New Statesman and Nation," 10 Great Queen St., Kingsway, London, W.C.2.

PROPERTY FOR SALE
TO LET & WANTED
TRANSLATIONS
TYPEWRITING
LITERARY
BOOKS
HOLIDAYS
TRAVEL
HOTELS
TOURS
MISCELLANEOUS
Etc.